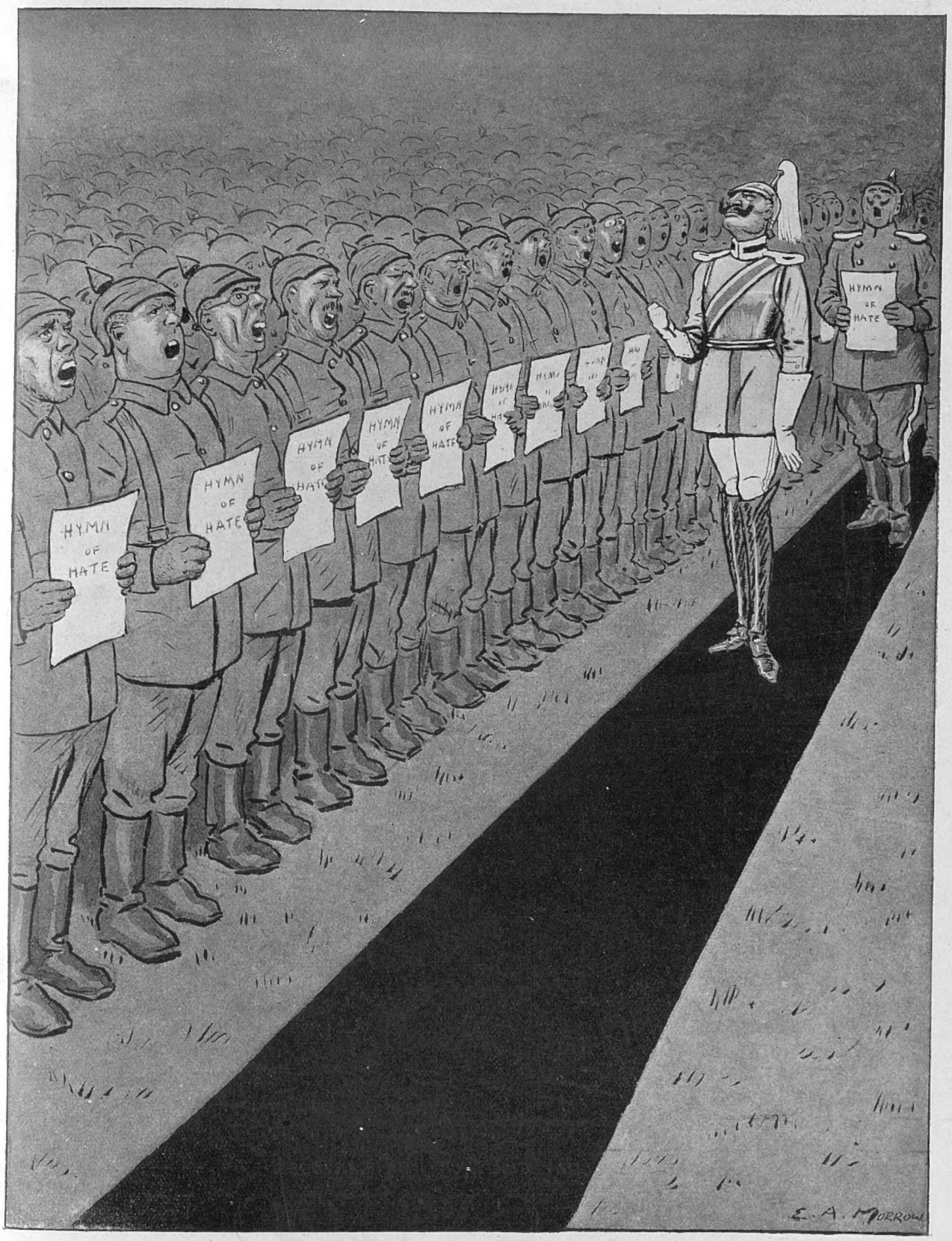
The Bystander, February 10, 1915.—No. 584. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



H.I.M. OF HATE

Sketched at Wilhelmshaven by our Special Spy-Artist

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WAR CARTOONS

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Enough of Snodgrass

IN October last, Snodgrass von Tirpitz took off his coat and announced with great deliberation that on the 27th of that month he was about to begin his war against England. Well, it is now February 10. He has been at it three and a half months. He has killed a number of civilians at Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby; thrown bombs on Yarmouth and a few Norfolk villages. He has had one squadron annihilated and another crippled, but his submarines got the *Formidable*, and a few small merchantmen, and only just missed a hospital ship. He has done England rather less harm since than he did before he made his wonderful "beginning." When, therefore, we read that the All-Highest himself has been up to Wilhelmshaven, reviewed the remnant of his fleet, and heard renderings of the "Hymn of Hate," we remain quite unmoved. We are growing bored with Snodgrass.

***

Past-Perfect "Intentions"

Were we to "intend," say, to land an army in North Germany you would hear of the intention about a week after it had been practically accomplished. You heard of our "intention" to land an Army in France some days after it had arrived at the firing line. Your first knowledge of the "intention" of this or that regiment to proceed to the front is gained in the Casualty Lists. The news of our "intention" to avenge the Battle of Chili was conveyed to you in Admiral Sturdee's telegram announcing the sinking of von Spee's squadron. The sentence upon the *Emden* was pronounced simultaneously with the execution of that redoubtable skiff. With the Germans the intention invariably precedes the execution—which invariably doesn't take place.

THE LATE VISCOUNT NORTHLAND

Of the Coldstream Guards, only son and heir of the Earl of Ranfurly, who was killed in action on Monday of last week. He was married in 1912 to Hilda Susan Ellen, daughter of Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart. His son, the Hon. Thomas Daniel, is barely two years of age. Lord Northland also served in South Africa in 1901-2

***

Exit Bumptiousness

Time was when I was disposed to regard ours as rather a bumptious race; the same idea existed, also, on the Continent, in America, and in the Dominions. If we ever were open to that reproach, nobody can accuse us of it now. On the contrary, the history of the war will reveal that we have not only not anticipated our achievements, but have even suppressed the news of many of them when accomplished. To the Germans now falls the honour of being the braggarts, as well as the bullies, of the universe.

***

H.I.M.'s Hatred

Talking of the Kaiser and the "Hymn of Hate" which has been sung in his august presence. From his permission of such a ceremony, and from his decoration of the composer of the hymn, one must presume that the All-Highest now hates England. Precisely why? one wonders. I can understand H.I.M. hating Sir Edward Grey, whom he is pleased to believe was guilty of perfidy, or something of that sort. But why England? Does the Kaiser not know that England the nation had no more responsibility for the present war than it had for the Italian earthquake? When war broke out, John Bull was at the seaside with his family, bathing, or in Scotland, Switzerland, or Norway. Any politics he lazily talked had to do with Ulster. When he heard that the secret diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey, by which Britain was committed to fight in defence of Belgium's neutrality, made it necessary for him to go to war, he cancelled his holiday, returned to town, and—fell in. That is to say, if of military age, he joined the Army; if not, he did his best to get his young friends and relatives to do so. He took a keen interest in the fight, and did what he could to make it a success for his own country.

***

An Imperial Poisoner of Minds

The Kaiser, half of English parentage, and himself a former "lover of England," to which country he was a very frequent visitor, probably knows that the English people have done no more to deserve being singled out for special hate than to obey the patriotic exhortations of their King and Country. Why does he, therefore, officially listen to, and honour the author of, a "Hymn of Hate"? The Kaiser is naturally justified, if he can, in invading England or doing

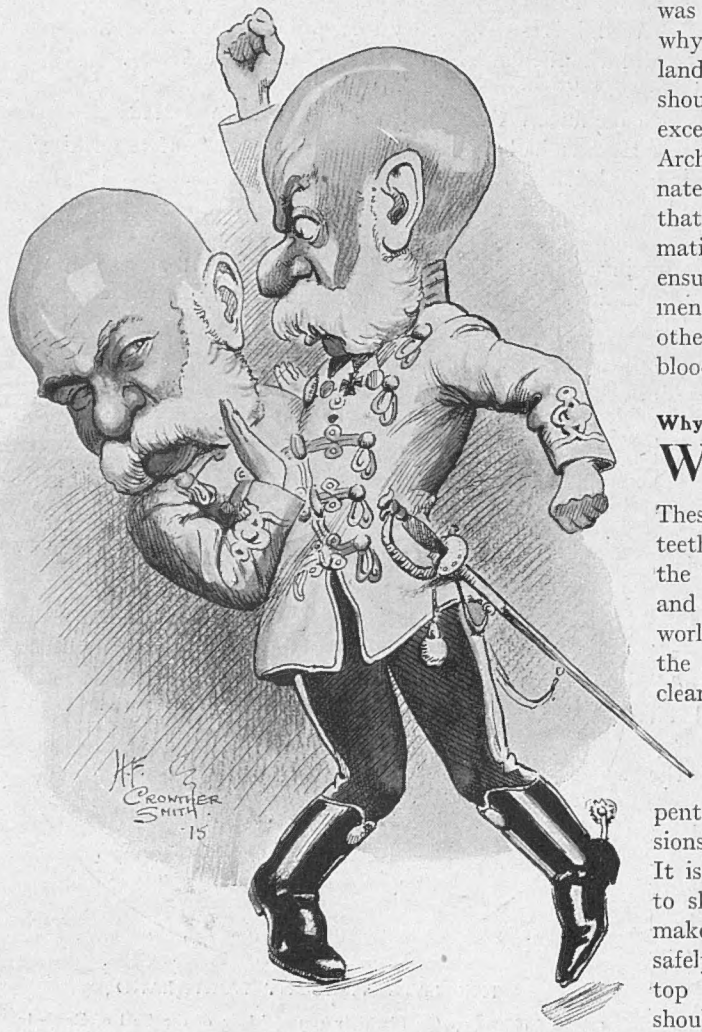
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

anything else that may serve his warlike purposes. But what he is not justified in doing is to poison the minds of his wretched soldiers and sailors with personal hatred of a country to which he owed his Imperial mother, and whatever sportsmanship, chivalry, and imagination there is in his complex composition. The only result of such influence is that they will fight worse than they would otherwise.

***

The Uselessness of Hatred

For naval warfare isn't helped much by hatred; gunnery and—in the case of the German fleet—runnery is what is chiefly wanted. As to invasion, the successful accomplishment of that task will require an immense amount of coolness and slimness and cunning. But violent hatred won't help the Invader in the least. It might inspire him to a little frightfulness at the expense of coastside villagers. But the Germans ought to be warned that the consequences of frightfulness committed on an island of forty-five millions of people, by an invader who will be flanked on one side by the sea and on the other three by a land still in the possession of an enemy who will be able to get at him with adequate forces from any direction, may bring unsavoury punishment on the committers. There are market-places in English country towns, in which can be erected gallows, stocks, pillories, and other useful punitive structures. The British people are, after all, only a few centuries more civilised than the Germans. They still have a Celto-Saxon strain of barbarism in their blood which, once aroused, may prove capable of quite creditable feats of *kultur*.



FRANCIS-JOSEPH OF THE DOUBLE HEAD

I am the Jekyll-cum-Hyde;
I am meekness enamoured of swank;
Vaguely I let myself go,
Drifting along with the tide.
Mine is the pitiful show;
Joseph says "Try to be FRANK";
Francis replies "Not for JOE";
I am the Jekyll-cum-Hyde.

***

Missed by the Philosophers

All the philosophers of Europe have let themselves loose over this war, but I don't recall a single one of them who has laid stress on the entire absence of responsibility of the peoples of Europe for it. We read hate-effusions against "England"; our own poets are, in a less foolish degree, abusive of "Germany." What is abused is the whole nation. The Germans cover with scorn and hatred a nation which has given them the world's greatest poet; the nation that helped them to save themselves from Napoleon; which has welcomed them, given them the run of the largest Empire in the world; employed them by the hundreds of thousands. We in our turn—though much less violently—abuse the country which gave us *Faust*, the greatest of the musicians, the Rhine, Nürnberg, Dresden, and much excellent beer. We don't like German table manners, true, but, then, neither do we, as a race, like the manners of any foreigners. Apart from that, there was no reason on earth why the peoples of England and Germany should hate each other except that an Austrian Archduke was assassinated in Bosnia, and that, from the diplomatic muddle which ensued, certain statesmen failed to find any other way out than bloody war.

***

Why, Oh Why?

Without doubt, there had to be a fight. These armaments to the teeth had to be put to the test, by land, sea, and air. Perhaps the world hereafter will be the better for the clearance of this frightful storm; perhaps humanity needed a blow-off for the pent-up political passions of the politicians. It is the peoples' affair to shed the blood; the makers of war remain safely behind their roller-top desks. But why should the peoples allow themselves to be worked up, by reptile journalism and penny-a-line doggerel, into psychological hatred of each other? To England's credit, be it said, there exists no such hatred, despite certain efforts by our own scribblers. We feel no other hatred for the foe than comes from physical contact. But the Germans, we read, are one and all obsessed with hatred for ourselves. Well, I suppose one must accept this, as everybody vouches for it. But as the hatred is "made in Germany" it will last just as long as, and no longer than, tinsel can last.

***

An Expert on Barbarism

One of the most amazing accomplishments of the Germans is naïveté. They never seem to anticipate the retort to an argument. For instance,

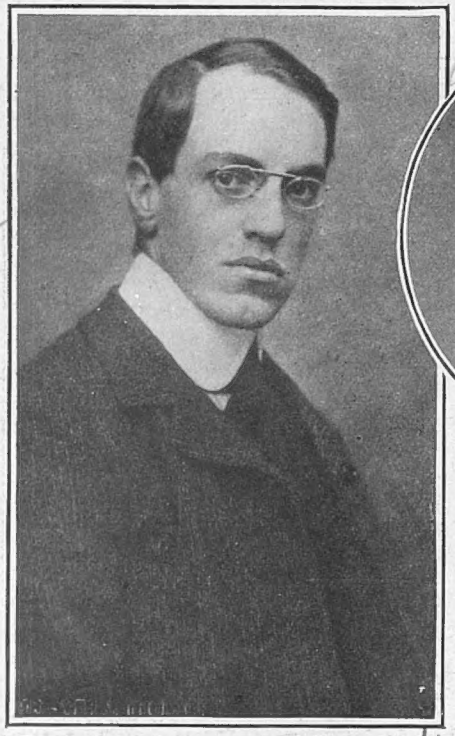
"Wie Sie Wollen"; or "As You Like It"

BY WILHELM VON SCHACKSPIR

DEUTSCHTONE, A CLOWN (Admiral von Tirpitz): "I vill make thee avay, dranslate thy life into death, thy liperty into pondage. I vill deal in boison mit thee, or in bastinado or in schteel; I vill bandy mit thee in faction, I vill oerrun thee mit bolicy; I vill kill thee a-hundert-funfzig vays; zerreforre dr-r-remble und debart!!!"

(John Bull does neither)

New Lights to Lighten the Ministry



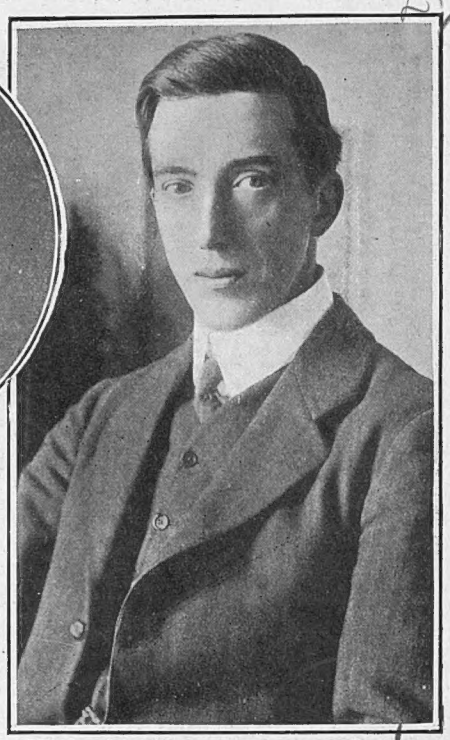
Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. E. S. MONTAGU

Who succeeds Mr. Masterman as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, M.P.

Who has just been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office in succession to Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P.



Photograph *Lafayette*

MR. F. D. ACLAND, M.P.

Who has been appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury

Garibaldis in Freedom's Cause

MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS HOUSE OF GARIBALDI

Photographed with a German standard captured in the war of 1870 by their grandfather, Guiseppe Garibaldi. Colonel Peppino Garibaldi is seen on the left of the flag and his brother, Captain Riccioti, on the right of it

Representatives of China—and of Russia

MR. AND MADAME SZE

The new Chinese Minister and his wife recently photographed in London. Both are devotees of Western modes

GENERAL PRINCE YUSUPOFF

A.D.C. to the Emperor of Russia, who recently journeyed to London in order to present decorations to General French and other British officers. He has proceeded to the Continent to distribute like honours to French Generals

It's Sturdee as Has Done It

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE

The victor of the Falkland Islands fight, photographed outside Admiralty House, Plymouth, on his arrival last week. The huge bell shown in the photograph was taken during the Burmah war in 1885

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 168)

here is Chancellor Hollweg declaring that to "starve out a people numbering seventy millions is the most barbaric form of warfare." You may starve out, say, two millions of people, as the Germans did in the Siege of Paris, but to starve out seventy millions is barbaric.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

William had a rival on the world's stage, if only a little one

Why? At what number of millions does the limit of permissible starvation stop? If two, why not seventy, or seven hundred? If to starve is barbaric at all, then why make it your business to attempt to "cut off the supplies" of this or that army corps or to besiege this or that fortress? Really, it is time Herr Hollweg hired Herr Harden to write his speeches. Of all Germans, that journalist alone seems to talk sense, and he, I believe, like poor Nietzsche, is a Pole.

* *
*

The New Factor

We are, of course, bubbling over with indifference as to the submarine blockade, and are all quite convinced that if the Germans are able to sink our transports now they would have been able to sink them any time during the last six months. The new facts are, however, the size of the new submarines, their sea-going capacity, and the fact that they are based at Zeebrugge instead of at Kiel or Cuxhaven.

* *
*

Why IS Zeebrugge?

As one of the many utter ignoramuses on the subject of naval warfare, I am asking myself, when nobody is within hearing, precisely why there is, at the moment, such a place as Zeebrugge in existence. Months ago I was told, in huge type, that it had been blown from off the face of the earth and sea. Allowing that that may have been a little exaggeration—we have had a few of such things during the war—I am, nevertheless, asking why, if Zeebrugge was then even partly smashed up, it has not *by now* been finished. That it should be not only a submarine, but also an airship, base wants some explanation, which, of course, we shall not get.

* *
*

A Blunder?

Once upon a time, early in the war, we, the British, were in possession of Zeebrugge. Before evacuating it, why did we not absolutely destroy it, and render its harbour useless to the enemy? That he had, years ago, anticipated its use for a base against Britain the Admiralty knew well enough—I know that it knew, because I know the man who told them all about it. Most of its public works, including the harbour and the tramways, were in German hands. Perhaps the Admiralty contemplated our requiring it later on for our own purposes, so spared it? If so, its intentions were excellent, but its powers of anticipation were wrong, and Zeebrugge will go down to history with the *Goeben* as one of our fatal oversights.

* *
*

About Those Submarines

Talking of submarines, where did the Irish Sea raiders get their petrol? Is there any truth in this story to the effect that last summer German "pleasure yachts" (of the same kind as frequented the Norwegian fjords) sunk secret oil reservoirs in the Irish bogs, each containing from 3,000 to 4,000 gallons, each fitted with flexible metallic suction pipes easily accessible in the dark to submarines? Such a theory is by no means out of keeping with other subtle German schemes, and Ireland, last summer, was fairly accessible to warlike operations of all kinds, thanks to the blindness of our wonderful Government.

"IN 1915 YOU WILL GO ON A LONG JOURNEY"

(*From "New York Life"*)

The New Lord and Lady Londonderry

THE PICTURESQUE INHERITORS OF AN HISTORIC TITLE

Photograph Lallie Charles *Photograph Swaine*

The new Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry are, at all events, picturesque. The Marquis—an able politician and a leader of fashion in peace time—is now Captain and Adjutant in the Royal Horse Guards. The Marchioness is the beautiful daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P. Their eldest son, now Viscount Castlereagh, is in his thirteenth year

Arms and the Married Man

A REPLY TO AN APPEAL FOR ADVICE

THE recent article in THE BYSTANDER on the position of married men volunteers has brought to me a number of inquiries as to what should now be done. The people affected are those of military age, married, with families, who are only permitted to remain volunteers if they are willing to sign an undertaking to "enlist when called upon." The effect has been to secure a certain number of adherents to the document; but to cause the resignation of a very much greater number.

* * *

The War Office has made up its mind to recognise no class of men as Volunteers who are eligible to enlist as Regulars, and regards askance any organisation which affords any sort of escape from the obligation to serve. Such men as referred to above are their own complete masters in the matter. They know the exact circumstances in which they are placed, and if these are such as to preclude their joining the Army, I suggest that they should have the moral courage to admit it, and go on with their various businesses. If they have any doubt as to whether they should serve or not serve, the country should be given the benefit of it.

* * *

If service in a Volunteer Corps exposes a man to the risk of being "recruited" at some given moment—as it certainly does expose him—to resign now would be better than to resign then. It would be a more courageous and a more honourable action. If a Volunteer, however, has every reason to believe that he *will* only be called up in grave national emergency, why, then, he should sign and have done with it. It seems to be a sporting chance, and ours is a sporting nation.

* * *

It is a case of individual conscience. A man who has duties and responsibilities at home may think it quite right to postpone enlistment while there are still at large in the country hundreds of thousands of young men without ties, who ought, by some means or another, to be roped in first, and who probably will be before many months are passed.

* * *

Do I, then, suggest that the married man who cannot take the "pledge" should stand out and become a non-combatant, with the women and children, the cats, dogs, and canaries, while he sees all around him men in uniform—(the elderly Volunteers will have theirs, of course). Well, I don't altogether suggest that, because I am an incorrigible optimist, and do not believe that the present War Office conditions as regards Home Defence Volunteers are permanent.

* * *

Married men Volunteers read their papers: Heaven knows, with a battalion of military experts entrenched in the Press, they have no difficulty in making up their minds as to how the war is going. If, for instance, you read of a serious attempt at a raid in force, or of a serious reverse in France, why, then, you know that the emergency in which your services would be wanted has arisen, or is about to arise. What will you do? Well, I think you will go straight along and enlist.

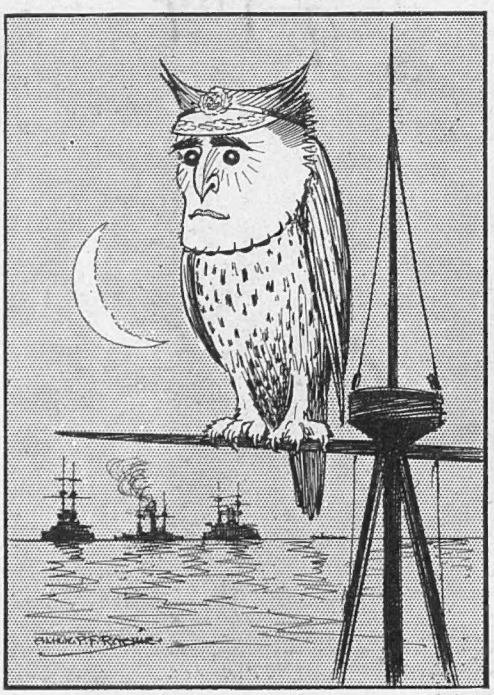
* * *

You would like, though, to be physically fit and ready for such a possibility? I see no reason why men who want to fit themselves physically to enlist, when national emergency demands it, should not make themselves fit without the aid of what is called the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps, nor ought the desire to wear whatever uniform the gods vouchsafe unto the affiliated corps to weigh with a man of courage and common sense in a non-militarist nation.

* * *

When an Englishman feels "seized of a sentiment," his time-honoured practice is to hold a meeting, appoint a committee, send out circulars, and generally collectivise his idea. The married-men-volunteers number many hundreds of thousands. Their sentiment is a desire to serve their country at a given moment which can be called a "national emergency." The War Office refuses precisely to define that emergency. Very well, then! Let these gentlemen form themselves into a club, league, guild—the Watchful Waiters might be its name—for the practice of those exercises which will fit them collectively to be of military service, and let them decide the emergency for themselves. They need not quibble about "recognition." They will have that immediately they ask for it—and that is when they decide to take the King's shilling, and to wear the King's uniform.

THE BYSTANDER.

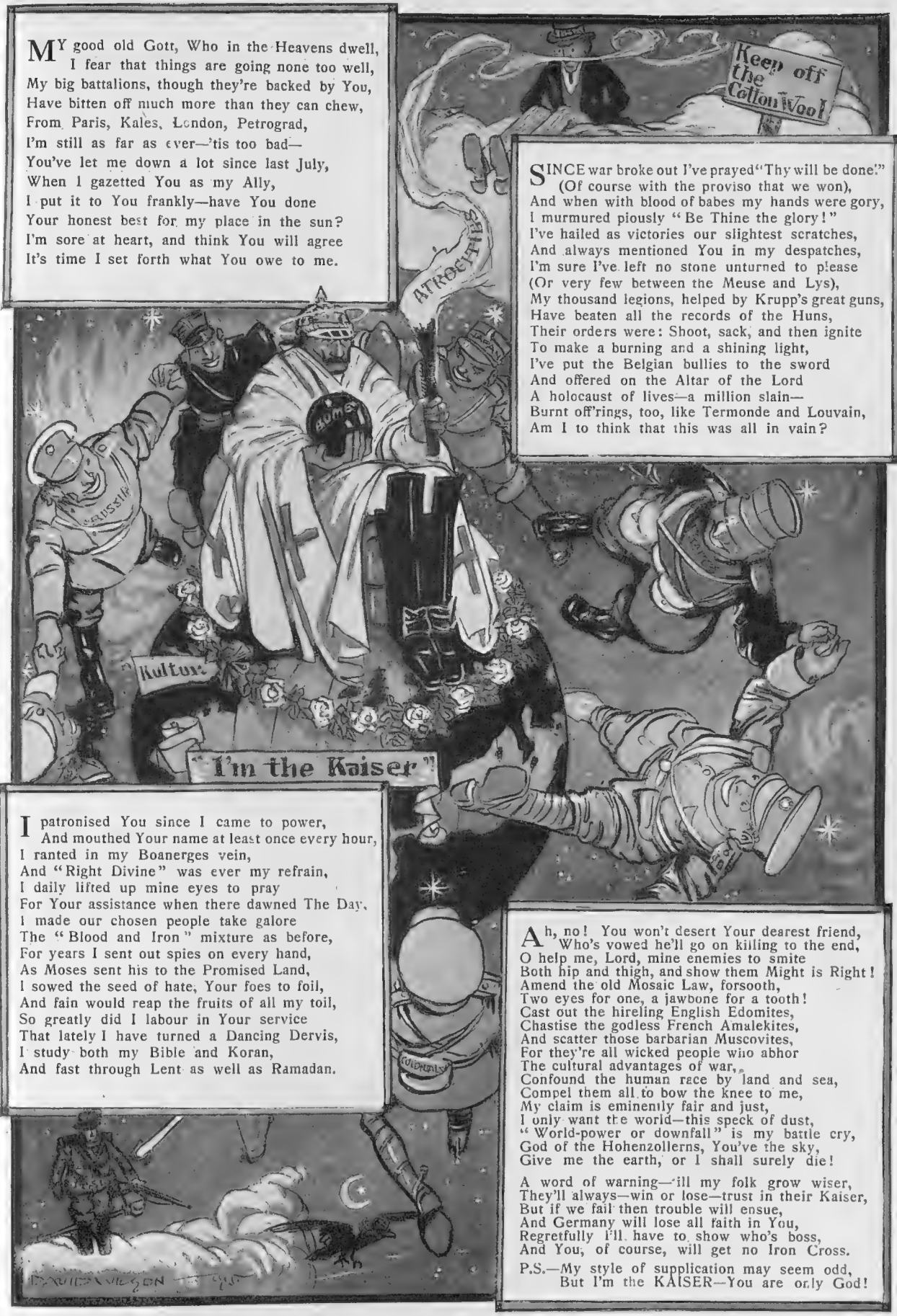


THE "TYRWHITT TYR-WOO"

This wakeful bird is generally to be found on the North Sea. Always on the alert and an absolute terror to "Baby Killers"

Holy Willie's Prayer

MY good old Gott, Who in the Heavens dwell,
I fear that things are going none too well,
My big battalions, though they're backed by You,
Have bitten off much more than they can chew,
From Paris, Kales, London, Petrograd,
I'm still as far as ever—'tis too bad—
You've let me down a lot since last July,
When I gazetted You as my Ally,
I put it to You frankly—have You done
Your honest best for my place in the sun?
I'm sore at heart, and think You will agree
It's time I set forth what You owe to me.



SINCE war broke out I've prayed "Thy will be done!"
(Of course with the proviso that we won),
And when with blood of babes my hands were gory,
I murmured piously "Be Thine the glory!"
I've hailed as victories our slightest scratches,
And always mentioned You in my despatches,
I'm sure I've left no stone unturned to please
(Or very few between the Meuse and Lys),
My thousand legions, helped by Krupp's great guns,
Have beaten all the records of the Huns,
Their orders were: Shoot, sack, and then ignite
To make a burning and a shining light,
I've put the Belgian bullies to the sword
And offered on the Altar of the Lord
A holocaust of lives—a million slain—
Burnt off'rings, too, like Termonde and Louvain,
Am I to think that this was all in vain?

I patronised You since I came to power,
And mouthed Your name at least once every hour,
I ranted in my Boanerges vein,
And "Right Divine" was ever my refrain,
I daily lifted up mine eyes to pray
For Your assistance when there dawned The Day,
I made our chosen people take galore
The "Blood and Iron" mixture as before,
For years I sent out spies on every hand,
As Moses sent his to the Promised Land,
I sowed the seed of hate, Your foes to foil,
And fain would reap the fruits of all my toil,
So greatly did I labour in Your service
That lately I have turned a Dancing Dervis,
I study both my Bible and Koran,
And fast through Lent as well as Ramadan.

Ah, no! You won't desert Your dearest friend,
Who's vowed he'll go on killing to the end,
O help me, Lord, mine enemies to smite
Both hip and thigh, and show them Might is Right!
Amend the old Mosaic Law, forsooth,
Two eyes for one, a jawbone for a tooth!
Cast out the hireling English Edomites,
Chastise the godless French Amalekites,
And scatter those barbarian Muscovites,
For they're all wicked people who abhor
The cultural advantages of war,
Confound the human race by land and sea,
Compel them all to bow the knee to me,
My claim is eminently fair and just,
I only want the world—this speck of dust,
"World-power or downfall" is my battle cry,
God of the Hohenzollerns, You've the sky,
Give me the earth, or I shall surely die!

A word of warning—till my folk grow wiser,
They'll always—win or lose—trust in their Kaiser,
But if we fail then trouble will ensue,
And Germany will lose all faith in You,
Regretfully I'll have to show who's boss,
And You, of course, will get no Iron Cross.

P.S.—My style of supplication may seem odd,
But I'm the KAISER—You are only God!

—OR BURNS BROUGHT UP TO DATE BY BERLIN

(A revised version, composed in the light of the Kaiser's utterances and the acts of his people)

DRAWN BY DAVID WILSON. VERSES BY KENT CALHOUN

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 8, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

THEY say! What do they say? Well, for one thing, that the war will be over in June. And though Rumour is a liar, I know, and many-tongued at that—still, when she says what we want her to say we generally lend an ear, anyway.

* * *

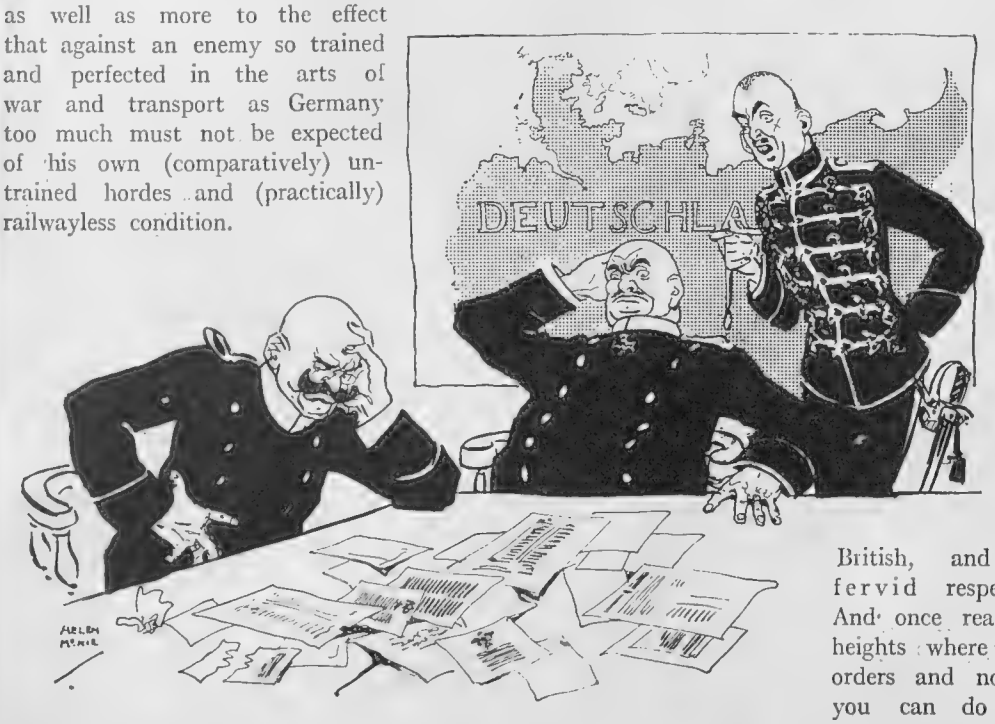
This is straight from the very highest quarters, so they tell me, the opinion of people who really ought to know—not that that's any proof that they do, of course! Look at the Government, which was surprised nearly out of its seven senses when Germany went to war, and this though it pays Ambassadors and people millions a year only to keep it up in just such little matters.

* * *

But, right or wrong, there's just one thing about these little stories as to the war being nearly over, and that's that they do a good deal of harm to recruiting. I wonder if it's really the Germans—there are still, alas! so many in our midst!—who keep spreading them over here?

* * *

In any event, though, we have stopped talking quite so much—perhaps you've noticed—about that steam-roller which was to come from the East and engage the enemy's attention while we pushed on to Berlin. "The English and French will have to finish the war," the Grand Duke Nicholas is saying, as well as more to the effect that against an enemy so trained and perfected in the arts of war and transport as Germany too much must not be expected of his own (comparatively) untrained hordes and (practically) railwayless condition.



"In Germany, no doubt, there are those who know to the minute how long supplies and money will hold out"

Well, we must wait and see. Meantime, it's my opinion that *no one* knows when the war will end—no one here, that is. In Germany, no doubt, there are those who know to the minute just how long supplies and money will hold out. For war's a matter of money nowadays, just like everything else—which makes the ghastly waste of youth and life all the more dreadful and tragic.

* * *

And, talking of the war—nobody ever talks of anything else anywhere—I sometimes wonder if certain Teutophile Cabinet Ministers have any inkling of the *depths* of execration in which their names are held by those troops, especially, who bore the cruel and awful brunt of those first days of the war whose true history, I suppose, will never be written. Some things are best forgotten, and nothing—no tears, no recriminations, no punishments—can ever bring back again all those splendid young lives that were thrown away because of omissions, hesitations, refusal to look facts in the face.

* * *

"They were ten to one, a hundred to one; I shall never forget those swarming grey masses . . ." one of the remnant said to me the other day. "We hadn't even big enough guns. . . . And when they told us every man for himself, and we had to fight our way through, not one thought to get out alive." And a Frenchman was scornful. "You think our Government not exactly incorruptible," he said. "But I tell you men like that would be publicly disgraced even in France."

* * *

They won't be here, needless to say. We've such a childlike way of taking people at their own estimate, we British, and we're positively fervid respecters of persons. And once reach those Olympian heights where everybody's giving orders and no one taking any, you can do what you like—juggle with men, money, life, laws, property, what-not. A few

tiresome people may *say* something, but no one will *do* anything.

* * *

The knitting fever has died down a bit—by the way, I'm hoping some of *my* efforts have reached rather the enemy than the Allies, for a certain lumpiness was one of their characteristics, and the helmets once on had to stay on. Now, looking after the soldiers' and sailors' wives is chief of the charitable diversions. A regular epidemic of clubs has broken out, so many, indeed, that it's almost an embarrassment of riches, and the women are so sought after that they absolutely have to be cajoled into attending them.

* * *

It's very funny to hear them dividing their favours, so to speak. "I really think I must go to Lady A's club to-night. She's asked me so often. It looks so rude"—might be Park Lane instead of Pimlico, mightn't it? And the military privilege of grousing is considered very well earned, I assure you, by the *2d.* per month subscription.

* * *

They love music; you can always make them happy with music, these sublimely unselfish, poor mothers of the present and the next generation. Not the classical sort, but something sentimental. You know the sort of thing—"Somewhere a Voice is Calling" or "My Little Grey Home in the West." And they hate rules. Oh, *how* they hate rules. Discipline, you see, wasn't included in their education.

* * *

So on the principle that it's better not to insist on what you can't enforce, I don't think I'll *have* any rules when I start my soldiers' wives club. And the food will be "tasty" rather than "plain and good." They'd never be quite satisfied, of course, not if you gave them oysters and Bollinger. Still, after a tiring day in one room with five children, a kipper, you know, *is* more exciting than, say, rice pudding.

* * *

Of course, *the* great difficulty on these occasions is the one about the babies. The baby of the masses hasn't met discipline, either, and as for rules—you should see their faces of mingled rage, horror, disgust, indignation, and astonishment when, for once obeying the rules, the mother leaves her offspring in charge of a lady helper in the nursery provided for its accommodation. In that walk of life babies in arms are really babies in arms, and our hygienic ideas as to rest, sleep, food, fresh air, and all the rest of it, just fads and "unnatural" ones at that.

* * *

In London, anyway, sailors' wives are much in the minority at the war clubs. It seems they're mostly of a better class than the soldiers' spouses, and better off, and possessed of the sort of homes you'd rather stay in than go out of. Those that do patronise us, though, are scrupulously clean and tidy and too respectable for words.

* * *

One told me in a regular telephone voice of how her husband was having the time of his life aboard one of H.M.'s warships. "Pheasint is nothing to him, miss, he sez, and they have toast at every meal—buttered both sides! He *asks* for it at home. But he doesn't get it."

* * *

And buttered toast and other luxuries, so I gather, are something more than possibilities also among those working-classes who are taking no part in the war—and this in spite of higher food prices. The reason is that there is actually more work going than usual, because of the number of men who've joined the colours. Yet another debt to our brave army! I wish I could say that they realised the obligation.

* * *

"In Paris . . . angles are 'off' in war-time"

Apropos of luxuries in the firing line, on land, too, they say that in France our Headquarter's Staff anyway, is not so badly off, with its electric baths and a good many other joys of civilisation. In the trenches it's different, of course, but perhaps there's something in what a level-headed civilian said to me who's had friends in the Army all through the piping times of peace—"A little roughing it won't hurt them. Life's been one long treat for them so far. Now they're up against their real job."

* * *

He was talking of the professional soldiers, of course. Not the ones who've thrown up safe jobs and positions and prospects to serve their country in her

hour of need. Some of us think we ought to be even more grateful to these than to the others. For it wasn't their job, after all, unless they chose to take it as such.

* * *

Do you know, lots were really quite disappointed on the Kaiser's birthday, when, after all the talk, not one of those old Zeppelins turned up. At Woolwich, I hear, they nearly buried themselves, as well as the

"London's so full of uniforms"

ammunition, and everyone expected them, even Mrs. Winston, who ought to know, and who wrote round to all her friends, "Dears, *do* get to your cellars. They're *really* coming to-night." Quite a lot of dinner-parties were arranged for them, too—some of which ended up with a dance as the airships disappointed!

* * *

We are getting opportunities just now to wear the new frocks and hats that people are beginning to buy again, at the tea matinées being given at the smart restaurants, Claridge's and the Ritz and places. You pay five bob and get tea, music, society, and a sense of having been charitable all thrown in. And, judging by the ospreys and the pearls and the crush of Rolls-Royces and other fashionable cars *de luxe* outside, all wearing flags on their bonnets, the war taxes haven't made any difference yet.

* * *

Nor did it look like hard times, much less war times, at the Covent Garden matinée of *The School for Scandal* last week. Days before there wasn't a seat to be had, not even at premium prices, and that cutting-down of the courses at dinner we've heard so much about wasn't apparent, either, in the faces *or* figures of anyone I could see.

* * *

Actresses and peeresses vied with each other in displays of expensive furs and feathers. As for those distressed brethren of the former, in whose aid the matinée was arranged, I can only suppose they were out of sight up aloft. There wasn't any distress on view, anyway.

* * *

Black was *the* wear, of course—but then, black's the fashion. In Paris, where there are no social functions even in the all-covering name of charity now, nothing else is to be seen but dark furs and wonderfully tailored black coats and skirts and small black hats that are worn absolutely straight on the head. Angles are "off," in war-time. Such is the Frenchwoman's sense of form.

* * *

And in the *demi-monde* they're wearing full widow's weeds—rather ghastly, but, after all, that sort of thing *is* Paris. One who had never laid claim to anything in the way of marriage lines sported such obtrusive "weeds" that someone asked her why she wore them. "*Pour tous mes beaux clients*," she said. A horrid world sometimes, isn't it?

* * *

London's so full of uniforms of all sorts and kinds, military and naval, British and continental. It's quite an absorbing puzzle finding out who's who and what's what. People in khaki look so much alike that about the only way to discover what particular branch of the forces they belong to is to go right up and positively *sniff* at their badges and letterings and things. And matters are much complicated by the various "irregular" forces that keep springing up.

* * *

Knitting and soldiers' wives, and visiting a few "woundeds," and doing a little rifle-shooting now and then at Harrod's comprises, I'm afraid, the sum total of my war-like activities. But I've been invited to a meeting of the W.V.R. (which is the Women's Volunteer Reserve) one day this week, so if I write to you next week that I'm off to the front as a signaller or a despatch-rider, or a sniper, you'll know the reason why. (I don't think.)

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

"... Go right up and positively 'sniff' at their badges"

Portraits of Social Interest

Photograph *Vandyk*

MISS MYRTLE FARQUHARSON

One of the coming season's débutantes. She is a daughter of Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson, and grand-daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. James Ross Farquharson

Photograph *Bassano*

THE LATE LADY MONKSWELL

Who died suddenly last week from heart failure, after giving birth to a daughter. Her husband is serving at the front with the 8th Hussars

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

VISCOUNTESS NORTHLAND

Whose husband, only son and heir of the Earl of Ranfurly, has been killed in action. Viscount Northland was in the Second Battalion Coldstream Guards, and married Hilda, daughter of the late Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., of Woollahra

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE LADY MARY PARKER

Whose engagement is announced to the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn, King's Royal Rifle Corps., Equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany

The Quackery of Frightfulness

WHY DOES OUR PRESS GIVE IT FREE ADVERTISEMENT?

BY "DOWNWRITER"

MR. HARRY FURNISS has, I see, again entered into rivalry with *Punch*. His new paper is called *The Cartoon*, and its chief feature is a monster eight-page representation of the Kaiser's "carnival of terrorism." His Majesty's image is shown on a Zeppelin in the skies, a dragon on the earth, and a submarine under the seas. It gives us the horrors. Were I a German agent I would send a copy of it posthaste to William, for I am sure he would like it. It is proof positive of Germany's success *as* a monster, the rôle in which she most fancies herself.

Germany wants to make the world's blood run cold, believing that that way lies her surest chance of world-power. She knows that merely to annex extra territory belonging to tiresome aliens such as Belgians and Poles is only to store up trouble to come; to weaken, not to strengthen, "*Deutschtum*." Her business is not so much to get on to our soil as to get on to our nerves. We are all to be scared into a desire for peace on any terms: so to be horrified of war as never again to wish to wage it against its most horrible wager. So Mr. Furniss, in publishing this cartoon, helps the German propaganda. But he is only one of a long list of unconscious Dernburgs. The whole British Press, with one or two exceptions, is playing the German game in the same way.

What has *happened* in the war we all know more or less. We know where the rival battle-lines lie; we know what warships have been sent to the bottom. We know what towns and villages have been bombarded by baby-killers of the land, sea, and air. We know—more or less—what cruelties have been practised in the name of culture. It is all bad enough. But the real mental discomfort that has been suffered by stay-at-homes since the war began has not been a result of what the Germans have done, but of what the Germans have threatened to do, and in giving publicity to their threats, boasts, and hate-explosions, the British Press has helped their "cause" in a way deserving of a deluge of Iron Crosses.

Since August we have experienced one attempt at a Zeppelin raid. But not a single day has elapsed but we have been subjected to the threatened destruction of the whole country. We have suffered the loss of half a dozen merchant ships from submarines. But in the Press we have suffered the projected annihilation of our entire commerce. We have frightened the Turks away from Egypt. But, however sad their failure to get at us *via* the Desert of Sinai, they continue daily to annihilate us *via* the German newspapers, from which we so faithfully quote. What the Germans are *able* to do to us is proved by what they have done to us. But the infinitely worse things that the Germans are said to intend to do to us we continue to endure daily in our newspapers.

Do we not yet realise the part which the "psychological factor" plays in the German war-game? Do we not realise that German militarism is merely a malignant inversion of a quack medicine? As such a medicine is a fairly harmless drug which claims that it does us incalculable good, German militarism is a fairly harmful one that claims to be able to do us incalculable evil. Instead of boasting itself to be a cure-all, it boasts itself to be a kill-all. It goes wildly about the world booming its malignancy. To call Kaiser William a baby-killer is to write him a testimonial every bit as acceptable to him as it is to Mother Seigel to call her a baby-curer.

The immense amount of fuss we made about Yarmouth was joyfully received by the Wilhelmstrasse, for did it not testify to its frightful efficacy in evil-doing? Does not our Press know that every German threat against hated England published in an English newspaper is practically a free advertisement of the German War Quack?

If our Press were really desirous of helping the British nation to go through with the war to the bitter end, they would one and all cease to give these free advertisements to the Quackery of Frightfulness. They would not give us those daily morsels of malice, uttered chiefly with the intention of shocking us, from the German Press and German professors. When a Zeppelin raid takes place they would announce it; but they would *not* represent the loss of a few lives, and the destruction of a few houses, as surpassing in importance such an affair as the Battle of La Bassée, with its loss of thousands, and its destruction of whole areas of buildings. They would keep their heads over the submarining of a few merchant vessels, treating such occurrences as episodes of the World War, in proportion to their importance.

Briefly, what is wanted is that we should know what is being done by friend and foe at the war, and not what the enemy is saying or writing in his office. If what he wrote were a genuine expression of national sentiment, we would like to read it. But believing, as one does, that the German Censorship is absolute, and that nothing is written save what is authorised to be written, and that that is intended chiefly to scare and to scandalise the enemy, I propose that we leave it unpublished. Let the German Press stew in its own very unsavoury juice. We care not a rap what the Germans threaten: we are concerned only with what they do. We are able to retaliate on actions, but not on threats. For, thank God, we are not quacks of frightfulness. We do not love war, nor do we desire to frighten the world. Our motion, Mr. Speaker, Sir, moved by every British soldier and seconded by every sailor, and voted for by every civilian, is: That God do get back into His heaven and right with the world!

DOWNWRITER

The Real Effect of Frightfulness

How an Englishman feels after a bomb raid—(especially if he is well insured)

I Assault a Fortress

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

AT Segrsche I got captured. It is extraordinarily hard for a Briton to get captured by Russians; but my zeal to escape Warsaw's Scotch mist of air-bombs did the trick. M. Steinlen ("the man who knows more of Poland than Dmowsky") counselled me to try Segrsche, "where no bombs drop." He forgot to say that Segrsche is a fortress, and that unannounced, unauthorised tourists get bullets. Baedeker also forgets. I took the Jablonna light railway, and made for unknown Segrsche by a level, snow-spread road.

M. Steinlen counselled me to go on ski. He hired thin, matchboardy skis with Telemarken bindings, and stamped silver arabesques. Outside Jablonna the leather broke. I left the skis with the station-master, and started afoot. Except for the tedious, reverberant gun-roar there was no sound; and I could see nothing but a pine-wood of the kind you expect wolves to spring from. In half an hour I reached Michalowo. It is a village. There were three wounded soldiers. They advised me to go no further; and to my *Potchemu?* which means *Why?* they looked at one another, and made mysterious grins.

Outside Michalowo I passed a frozen marsh. The reverberant gun-roar slackened, and seemed swallowed up. Instead, came in succession ten sharp, very loud, plainly proximate gun-shots. There was a pause. Then ten more. I tramped round the corner of the wood. The artillery reports now seemed not a mile away; and flash, flash, flash, I saw the explosions straight ahead, so near that they dazzled. Then came a terrific rifle rattle and salvo. Dread struck the Bystander-in-Poland. He had walked, he reasoned indefeasibly, into the midst of a battle.

Here on the *right* Vistula bank, due north of Warsaw, near the Bug, where no Prussian has been or is likely to be, was raging a first-class battle. Whether the guns were Pruss or Russ I could not judge. It was equally bad. I turned to flee. At that moment something overwhelming advanced. There was a fawn spot on the snow; it grew bigger; it clattered and rattled; it kicked up snow-dust like sea-spray; and at full gallop a squadron of horsemen dashed past, and pulled up sharp.

Too frightened at first to see that these were innocent Cossacks, I slithered down the road embankment, and hid. I was late. I heard the cry "*Sdavaites!*"—*Surrender!*—and back from the squadron rode two horsemen. They made this remark:

"What are you doing on this road? Don't you know it is forbidden?"

And they demanded papers. I had none. I said "Englishman!" The Cossacks laughed; and took me to Michalowo village.

He flatly refused to believe that I was a Briton. "Then telephone to Warsaw. The hotel people. . . ." It appeared that to telephone to Warsaw you must first telephone to Novo-Georgievsk, another fortress. It takes time. The Commandant spoke no English. He summoned a cavalry reservist from America to test my English. "Is the prisoner an Englishman?" "Certainly," said the groom. "How do you know?" said the Commandant. "Because he doesn't speak through his nose."

We telephoned to Warsaw. The Commandant turned me over to Captain Wengerski, who said that Segrsche is not only a fortress, but an exceptionally unapproachable one and that it had shot down two persons for coming along the forbidden road. "Lucky you came when our big guns were at firing practice, and when our Cossacks were riding. Otherwise you might have got a sentry's bullet. . . . They don't challenge. . . ."

To prevent trouble Wengerski came with me to Jablonna. I told the station-master my adventure. He pointed to the silver-arabesqued ski:

"If you had stuck to them you would have escaped arrest."

"You mean I could have outrun the Cossacks?"

"I mean that you would never have got near the fortress."

INSTEAD OF COLUMNS OF VICTORY?

A monument that has just been erected in the Central Cemetery of Vienna to the memory of Austrian and German soldiers fallen in the war

Despite Scarboro'! Chivalry In Excelsis

AFTER BURYING HIS VICTIMS, WE BURY THE BABY-KILLER WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR!

FUNERAL OF LIEUT. VON SCHOENERMANGKT, OF THE "BLÜCHER," AT EDINBURGH

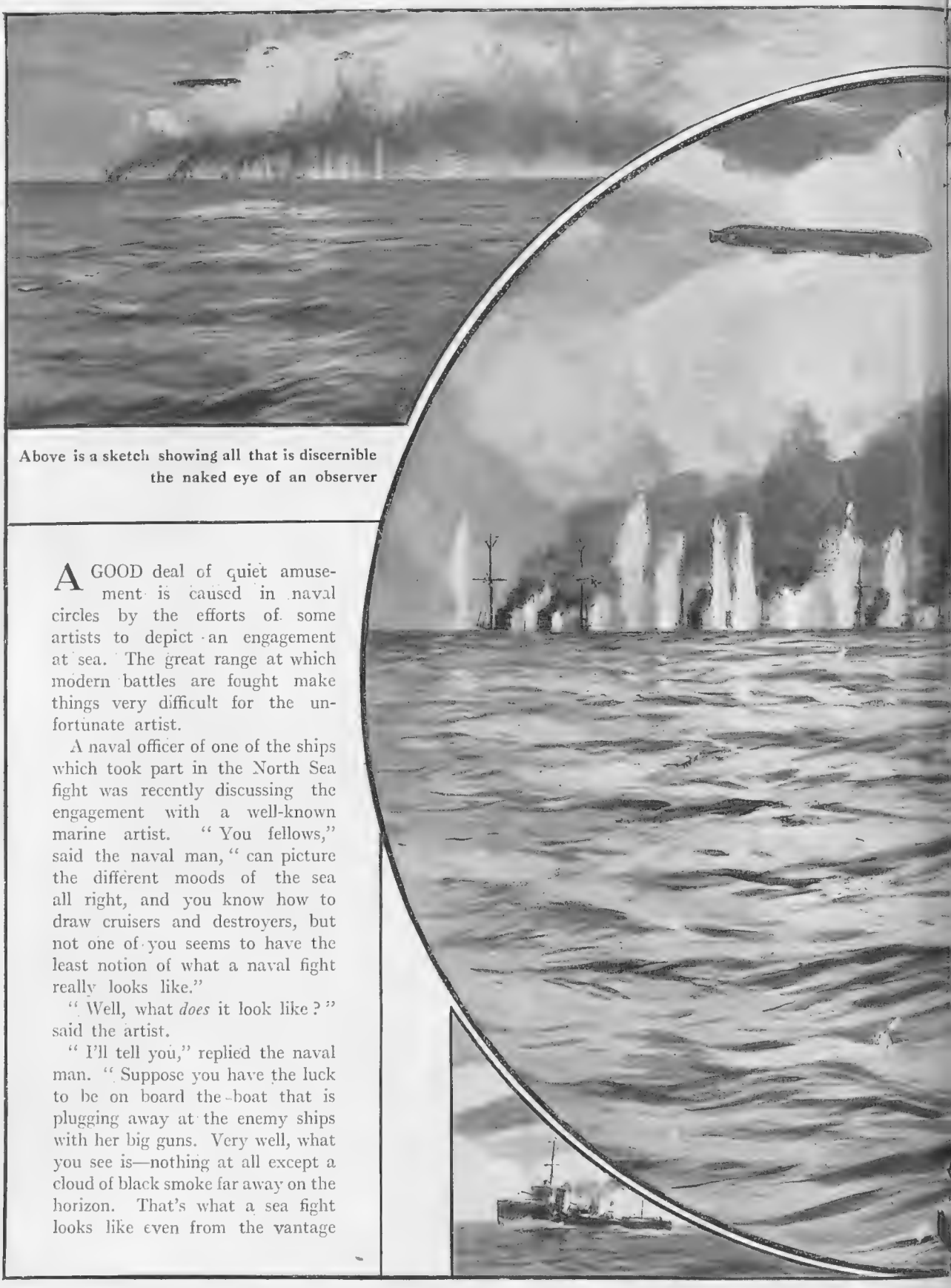
The service was conducted in German by a German pastor. Volleys were fired over the grave, and the "Last Post" was sounded by the buglers, in honour of a "true comrade and true enemy"

We suppose we cannot help it, for we are built that way. Otherwise it strikes the mind as amazing that a nation which has stigmatised the German High Seas Fleet as an assassin, and German sailors as baby-killers, should, when one of them is captured and dies in our hands, bury him with all the honours of war. The fact is that British statesmen and British newspapers may use all the epithets in the dictionary but they cannot exterminate British custom. It is the habit of our Services to treat a dead enemy identically as we should treat a dead fellow-countryman. If there were any consistency in our national conduct, we should treat every member of the Fleet which was responsible for the outrage of Scarborough and Whitby as a murderer. Instead, we treat him as a gentleman. If the enemy only appreciated this chivalry, there would be some consolation. But he doesn't. Time after time has England sought to honour bravery in a foe, only in return to be bombarded with a fresh volley of vile slander from the German Press, and further threats of "frightfulness" at the expense of our women and children

FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF THE BABY-KILLERS AT SCARBOROUGH IN DECEMBER

What a Naval Engagem

A NAVAL OFFICER CORRECTS THE FALSE IMPRES



Above is a sketch showing all that is discernible the naked eye of an observer

A GOOD deal of quiet amusement is caused in naval circles by the efforts of some artists to depict an engagement at sea. The great range at which modern battles are fought make things very difficult for the unfortunate artist.

A naval officer of one of the ships which took part in the North Sea fight was recently discussing the engagement with a well-known marine artist. "You fellows," said the naval man, "can picture the different moods of the sea all right, and you know how to draw cruisers and destroyers, but not one of you seems to have the least notion of what a naval fight really looks like."

"Well, what *does* it look like?" said the artist.

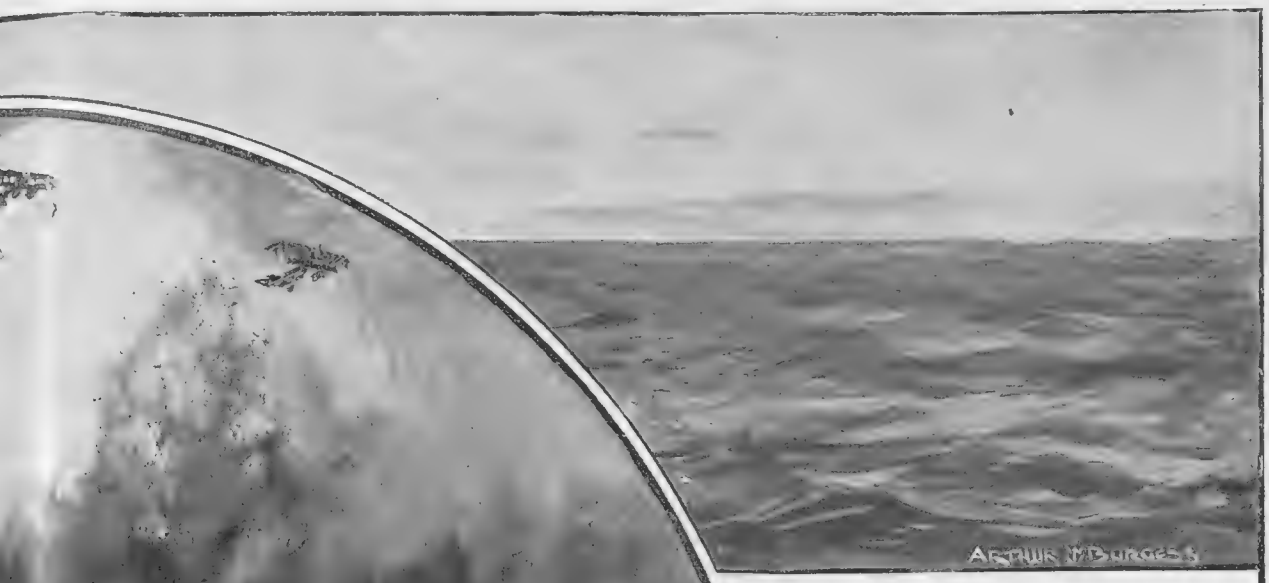
"I'll tell you," replied the naval man. "Suppose you have the luck to be on board the boat that is plugging away at the enemy ships with her big guns. Very well, what you see is—nothing at all except a cloud of black smoke far away on the horizon. That's what a sea fight looks like even from the vantage

A naval engagement as seen through powerful naval glasses. A become familiar and which attempt t

Above are two drawings showing what a modern sea fight really looks like made

ıent Really Looks Like

SIONS GIVEN BY RECENTLY PUBLISHED PICTURES



of a big naval fight in progress as seen by on one of the ships in action

point of any of the battleships in action. You can, however, do a *little* better if you can get hold of some powerful naval glasses.

"Seen through these, you have rather a lively fountain display on the horizon, with bigger clouds of black smoke, and—perhaps—your view is supplemented by the tops of a couple of masts and an inch or so of funnel — nothing more. The 'fountains' are, of course, the tall columns of water thrown up by the splash of shells which fall wide of their mark.

"The usual picture of a naval fight showing giant ships plugging away at each other with only a dozen yards or so between them makes me tired. What's the use of guns with ten or twenty mile ranges barking away at ship's length from each other?" The *Blücher*, it will be remembered, was hit while she was still ten miles away. Our artist has, therefore, endeavoured to picture what a naval fight really looks like from the bridge of one of the boats in action, with the naked eye, and the same scene viewed through naval glasses.

ry different picture from those illustrations with which we have how us what a naval action looks like

rom a description by a naval officer who took part in the recent North Sea affair

How the Germans Really Regard Us

IMPRESSIONS OF A SIX MONTHS SOJOURN IN DRESDEN

Article II. (continued from last week)

Freaks of Nomenclature

THE self-denying and frantic efforts of German tradespeople to erase English and French inscriptions from their windows and shop-fronts immediately after the declaration of war, were comical. Self-denying, because many of these shopkeepers lived almost entirely upon the custom of American and English residents. The fad went to absurd lengths. The Hotel du Nord pasted bits of paper over the unclean "du." A man I knew whose first name was "George" carefully blacked out the final "e," and announced himself suddenly to an astounded city as "Georg." One of the oldest and most fashionable restaurants in Dresden is the *Englischer Garten* a place which those god-like personages, German officers, can frequent in uniform without losing caste. This appears to be the supreme test of "respectability" in Germany: at all events, it is so in Dresden. Any restaurant or café not visited by officers in uniform is not "it," no matter how favourably situated nor how expensively appointed. The proprietary of the *Englischer Garten* Restaurant, on the strength of fifty years' establishment, and the patronage of local "royalties," desired (sensibly enough) to retain the appellative. But prejudice was too strong, and the good old name was expunged. A restaurant, long known as the Café de Paris, similarly moulted, and became the Café Germania. Scores of additional instances could be given.

English Speaking Barred

Another fad was that only German must be spoken. This was decidedly awkward for the innocent Americans! The French *Adieu*, the parting salutation previously so general, was replaced by the cold, sad *Guten Tag*. In most shops were posted up German notices—*Anglicé*, "Let your greetings German be!" or the like. It became inadvisable, if not actually unsafe, to speak English in the streets or shops, in the hearing of the rougher and less responsible type of German. The chances were that insult or unpleasantness would ensue. It was amusing that my friend "Georg" addressed me in German, if Germans were in his shop, but lapsed into English when I was the only customer. Persons known to be English received an unenviable amount of attention. A friend, a British subject, though of semi-German parentage, an inhabitant of Dresden from childhood, and very well-known because of a somewhat "*angenehm*" (*i.e.*, agreeable, distinguished) appearance, passed one day a battalion of florally decorated soldiers just off to the front, when one of the men, a total stranger, rudely bawled out in German at the top of his voice across the street, "See, *Miss*" (not Fräulein, the proper mode of address) "—— this is how *we* go to war!" I was told that the English ladies who left Germany in a party on October 5 were assailed with cries of "English swine" while on their journey. We ourselves, when arrested and detained by the authorities at Leipzig, were followed by an excited crowd, some of whom collected around the cab: moreover, on release, we were advised by the Leipzig police officials to keep silence until we reached the Dutch frontier, and to sit with German newspapers on our knees!

No Prayers. By order!

The English and Scottish Churches were closed by order of the authorities, whose distrust of the British was shown by their having at first given permission for services to be held in the first-named, on condition that the ministers and congregation did not publicly pray to God for the success of the Allies! Police officials were told off to attend the services to see that this rule was not disobeyed. I think that services were only held on two Sundays under these embarrassing conditions. It must have been rather a relief when the police finally ordered the edifices to be shut.

Much to my disgust, the Royal Library of the Kingdom of Saxony, housed in an eighteenth century classical building called the Japanese Palace (from certain incongruous features of the decoration) was closed to persons belonging to countries at war with Germany.

As time passed the effervescence died down; but the bitterness of the newspapers continued with almost incredible rancour to the date of our departure. That there is a feeling of animosity and resentment against England is unquestionable. It is shown most of all in the daily journals; in the venomous cartoons and postcards which are everywhere on sale; and is evinced in scraps of conversation heard in public places. These are mostly directed against England and England's King. For, be it remarked, *the* enemy is England. But little is heard of France or Russia.

Kindness, Courtesy, and Correctness

This is one side of the picture. The other side, according to my personal experience, is that many individual Germans keenly regret the existence of this hatred. Throughout a trying time I received many kindnesses from German people. From those with whom I had had social or professional intercourse, from personal friends, from my landlord and his wife, from shop people and others, I parted on the best of terms. The *Hausfrau* (housekeeper) of the house wherein was our flat wept bitterly, and kissed my wife, when we left. Kurt, her son, a soldier who had been badly wounded in the hand and leg during the dash to Compiègne, limped out, bandaged and on crutches, to say "Good-bye" as we drove off to the railway station. Many German pension-keepers allowed English boarders to remain without payment, upon their mere promise to remit cash when allowed to return to England on the completion of the mobilisation. Lastly, I found all officials with whom I came in contact, whether military, police, postal, municipal, on the railways, etc., courteous and absolutely correct

HOW THE GERMANS REALLY REGARD US (concluded)

in attitude and behaviour. The not very agreeable and somewhat inquisitorial functions of the police were, it seemed to me, discharged with the least possible inconvenience and unpleasantness to the alien.

Manufactured Hatred

In all the interviews with police and military which were unfortunately obligatory, I can recall only one case of an official who appeared really "frightful." He was a plain-clothes police official at Bentheim, the German frontier station; he looked—for no reason whatever—as if he would like to see me shot there and then, and certainly did his best to prevent the military officers from handing back my passport.

My conclusion is that, although thousands of individual Germans look upon things in a very different light, there undoubtedly is in Germany a regrettable feeling of hatred for the English; but *I believe it to be largely manufactured. It is made to order in Berlin, and is fostered by the newspapers, backed by interested persons and cliques.* The word has been given out that England is to be hated: so, in such a disciplined country as the Fatherland, Hans, Wilhelm, Heinrich, and Fritz, with their docile and obedient Margarethe, Elsa, Hertha, and Emilie, promptly set about the task. If they don't really hate us, they think they do, or *say* they do, which comes to much the same thing, especially as this satisfies the authorities. One is reminded of *Punch's* irate parent's "marching order" to the helpless urchin he is dragging along—"I brought yer aht to enjy yerself, and enjy yerself yer *must*." In Court and fashionable circles it is, of course, the "correct" thing to hate England; so everybody (in public) reviles this country and its faithless people. A pitiful state of affairs, truly, and one which only the "taming hand" of time can change.

E. Clayton

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Fancy portrait of Herr Hochstatter composing "God Punish England" and of an average Englishman "trembling" as he reads the translation in his morning paper

Business Not Quite As Usual

"A BUSY DAY" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

THIS is a farce of the old school, in which everybody is resolved to be funny at all costs. The natural consequence is that some of the squibs explode a little prematurely, thereby losing a good deal of their desired effect. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is Lord Charles Temperleigh, a superlative spendthrift. His absolute inability to keep money has compelled his family to deny him altogether the use of that extremely handy commodity. He has been exiled to a country cottage, where all necessaries are duly supplied him with the exception of pocket money. As he dismally explains, if a newspaper boy goes past with all the winners, Lord Charles lacks the humble halfpenny which would enable him to satisfy his reasonable curiosity; and if an organ-grinder should play through his repertory outside the cottage door, his lordship can do no more than gracefully and effusively thank the performer for his kind and agreeable entertainment. He has, in fact, reached the veritable apotheosis of impecuniosity. The way out offered him is a wealthy marriage; but he is a delicate and sensitive man, and he fears that in marrying one of his lady friends he might seem to be creating an invidious distinction between her and the others. What?

One day, while he is wondering how he can manage to get to London without the irritating formality of paying the railway fare, a motor-car breaks down at the garden gate. The occupant is a charming widow (Miss Compton), and while the driver runs back to the village to get repairing material, she explains to Lord Charles that, by the stern decree of her family, she is in pretty much the same impecunious situation as himself. She saw the car standing outside the village inn, and in a moment of inspiration she jumped in without being seen and said, "Home, John," or something of that sort. The unsuspecting driver at once started off. Lord Charles sees here the prospect of a happy issue out of all his afflictions. He repairs the damage to the car in a couple of minutes, and undertakes to drive the fascinating widow to a neighbouring village, where one of the old servants of his family keeps a shop, and will doubtless be in a position to advance him the much-desired fare to London.

The two arrive at the shop in due course, but, as it happens, the old servant enjoys the luxury of a drunken husband who has access to the till. It follows, therefore (at least, I suppose it does), that the till is empty. Lord Charles is, however, a man of resource. He gives the old servant his waistcoat to pawn, and undertakes to look after the shop during her absence. The fun that ensues is somewhat on the desperate lines of that indulged in by Joey at pantomime-time, though Mr. Hawtrey's treatment of it gives it a distinction that it might not otherwise possess. For instance, the parson's sister comes to make some purchases. She wants soft soap, and the fact that the mention of this article affords an opportunity for a double meaning is dutifully and conscientiously exploited. After which a bar of mottled soap is offered her by Miss Compton, in spite of Mr. Hawtrey's energetic protest that it is not soap, but some kind of cheese. The explanation is then made that while the article offered is not soft soap for the moment, it will readily become so as soon as it is put into water. Which I mean to say—well, there it is, anyway! If they could only have included a string of pantomime sausages among the goods stocked the illusion would have been complete.

ONE OF THE LAUGHTER MAKERS AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

The last act is brisk farce as it used to be understood in the "rattling" days. Mr. R. C. Carton, the author, has, I think, made the mistake of engineering too rapid a pace. Where Mr. Charles Hawtrey is concerned we are all prepared for a little more deliberation in humorous expression. Mr. Hawtrey, who is himself a humorist of distinction, has before now proved himself to be capable of making bricks with a minimum of straw; and his trouble in this piece is that he is handicapped by an excess of straw. Nevertheless, there are many good things in the play. Outside the very efficient work of Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Compton, there are one or two quite admirable drawings of character. Miss Mona Harrison as the parson's sister in the village shop presents us with a really lifelike type, and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, as an Irish waiter, helps the fun along delightfully. A subsidiary theme of the story deals with the jealousy of an old-fashioned military man, whose wife certainly gives him some cause for his irritation; but the main interest centres, of course, in the two leading characters of the piece. *A Busy Day* is, perhaps, hardly up to Mr. Carton's high standard, but in wartime we must all expect to go short of something—even wit. JINGLE

Mr. Hawtrey Carries On

Mr. R. C. Carton's new play at the Apollo Theatre, a farce of the old school in which everybody is apparently resolved to be funny at all costs, has hardly given universal satisfaction; but if energetic acting can atone for lack of brilliant lines, Mr. Hawtrey and his company deserve success

His Marching Orders

A TALE OF THE WAR-TIME

THE haunting strains of the "Valse Triste" throbbing through the air and the gentle *frou-frou* of silken skirts was only dimly heard by the man and the girl seated in the little ante-room occupied in earnest conversation. There was a ball in progress in the great hall adjoining, but neither of the two felt in any mood for dancing.

They were a goodly couple to look at. Jim Keppel, dark, broad-shouldered, with a strong sunburnt face and a pair of blue eyes that could look as cold as steel or as tender as a child's, was a civil engineer of whom the world expected great achievements. Eulalie Guest, slight and fair with a pair of wonderful grey eyes and a mass of golden hair piled on her dainty head, was one of the season's *débutantes*, and the idolised only child of Dering Guest, the famous K.C. Dressed in white from top to toe, with touches of palest gold, she looked just a lovely child—but there was a woman's soul in her eyes and a woman's feeling in her voice as she addressed the man beside her.

"But if you care for me, as you say you do, how can you leave me like this?"

"Lallie, darling, that is not like you. As if feelings have, or can have, anything to do with the present crisis. I love you with all my heart—I can't bear the thought of leaving you. But I must. Darling, you know I must."

"No, I do not know. And I want you—you can't leave me, Jim, can you? You will stay, oh! I want you so."

The lovely eyes filled with tears as she pleaded with him, and Jim rose and walked across the room with clenched hands.

"Sweetheart, don't make it so hard for me. Apart from any other consideration, how can I draw back now this commission in the Engineers has been offered me, where my knowledge can be of use? And, Lallie, you couldn't have me refuse? Men are needed."

"There are plenty of others."

"There are plenty of others. Yes, thank God, there is no lagging in this England of ours, but my Continental experience of engineering, they say, will be of use, so nothing on earth will prevent me going—no, not even you, little girl, much as I love you. It is my duty to go."

"Duty—oh, yes, that's what you all say. And I think it's your duty to stay with me. Why, Jim—Jim—we're going to be married next month—you don't mean it really, you can't."

"But, darling, we will get married this week—next week—and then go away for a few happy days together before I start for the front."

"No, we will not get married—since that is your decision—we will never get married." Lallie rose from the lounge and faced him with flashing eyes.

"Since you've really made up your mind to leave me and join the Army, you may do so, but our engagement is at an end. You don't really love me. The Army and your ambition really come first, so, perhaps, it is as well we have found it out at once. And—and—I don't love you—and I don't ever want to see you again—unless—unless you will stay."

"Lallie, you don't mean what you say—you can't."

"Yes I do—I do. I will never marry a man who does not hold me first above everything and anything."

"Lallie, Lallie, think before you send me away. Would you have me stay here like a coward at home when every man is needed in France, where hundreds of our brave men are daily giving their lives for our country? I love you more than you will ever know, you are more precious to me than anything—save my honour—but where that is involved even you cannot be considered."

No answer.

"If I go now—it is final. I will not come back. Lallie!"

No answer.

"Good-bye. God bless you and make you understand."

As the door swung to after him Lallie made a step forward, but her wilfulness and hurt pride refused to allow her to call him. Sitting down again she tried to choke back the tears which rose to her eyes, when suddenly the door was pushed open and a young fellow burst in.

"Hullo, Lallie. What do you think! Why, what's the matter? Crying! Oh, I say, I'm sorry. Anything I can do? Wasn't that your *fiancé* going down the passage? Shall I fetch him?"

"No—no. And, Dick, he's not my *fiancé*—I have no *fiancé*."

"What! You don't mean to say your engagement's off?"

"Yes."

"Great guns! Then there's a chance for me again. Shall I propose for the twentieth time? It was getting a weekly affair before Jim came along. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"Well, Lallie, you know how I adore you. Will you marry me?—at least, you can't do that, not at present, anyway; I'm off to the front. That's what I came to tell you."

"You too?"

"Yes, why not? As a matter of fact, it's not quite settled yet, but it's a sure thing. I've sent up my name, and old uncle is stumping up for a commission and giving me a good character. I think he's so mighty glad to get rid of me and he'll enlarge so much on my perfections that they'll think I'm a modern George Washington, and receive me with open arms. And I'll come back to you covered with glory, and bring the ring from Berlin."

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Old Snub—New Version

THE HOST: "I thought of sending some of these cigars out to the front"
THE VICTIM: "Good idea! but how can you make certain that the Germans will get them?"

(Continued from page 190)

"Oh, no, Dick. If I had you I should want you now. Listen, you say you love me, but tell me, if I promised to marry you on condition you give up this idea of going to the war, would your love stand the test?"

"Oh, I say, Lallie, that's not fair, but you're only joking, of course."

"I'm not joking—isn't your love strong enough to give this up for me?"

"I don't know. But, anyway, it's impossible. I've given my word. And the other fellows—how they'd rag me."

"Would you do it for *me*, Dick?"

"Hang it all, Lallie, I believe I would. But listen; give me a little while to think it over—and I'll come back and tell you. Or, perhaps, shall I take you to the ballroom? They're all wondering where you are."

"No, I've got a headache. I prefer to stay here. And, Dick, if you decide to stay for my sake will you tell Mr. Keppel?"

"All right, Lallie, darling, I won't be long."

As the door closed behind him, Lallie went over to the window, and, throwing it open, leaned out. It was a clear starry night in September, and a great stillness pervaded the sleeping town. Suddenly a bugle from the neighbouring barracks broke the silence of the night, startling Lallie out of her reverie and sending her thoughts flying to Jim and those men fighting for their very lives out in that distant country beyond. Were they, perhaps, even now in action—even now desperately fighting against fearful odds, shedding their blood to the last drop for King and Country—with never a thought of self or the might-have-been? What sights and sounds did those same stars look down upon out there on the grim battlefields of Europe, where men were ready and willing to lay down their lives in this great war for freedom? And how many had left wives and sweethearts, who, though counting the cost, had cheerfully given up their men to help in this fierce, but honourable, fight? And where would the nation be if there were many like her?

Oh, what had she been thinking of to put herself against all this? Rather should she have encouraged and helped them. But, anyway, her influence had no effect—honour came first—how handsome Jim had looked as he said that.

Her thoughts were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the entrance of Dick.

"Lallie, Lallie, I've made up my mind to stay with you. Hang the other chaps."

"Oh, Dick, you don't mean it!" she stammered.

"Yes, I do."

"You don't. You can't. It's not honourable."

"But, Lallie, I thought—you said—if I stayed——."

"Oh, yes, I know. But I didn't mean it. I didn't know what I was saying. And, anyway, I didn't think you'd take me seriously. Oh, Dick, you will go, won't you? Don't let it be said that I kept you back."

"Great guns! You girls are beyond me. Safest way to understand you is to believe the opposite of what you say. And I take it you weren't serious about marrying me?"

"No, Dick, dear. I do like you, but not that way. And I shall never marry you. But, Dick, you'll take that commission, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, rather. After all, men are easier to deal with, and if I manage to get in a cut or two at our friends in Germany I shall be quite content."

"Oh, Dick, I am so glad. And will you mind fetching my cloak?—I am ready to go home—I am so tired."

"All right, but you won't mind waiting a minute, will you, as I want to 'phone the War Office?" Saying which he left the room.

Left alone again, Lallie switched off the light and threw herself down on the lounge to try to ease her aching head.

A few minutes later she heard the door open and Jim Keppel enter. Her first thought was that he, too, had changed his mind, and her heart stood still with disappointment, but seeing him glance round hurriedly and then pick up his cigarette-case from the table, she realised that her faith was not misplaced.

As he turned to leave the room, gathering up her courage, she rose from the shadowy corner and said:

"Jim."

He started violently.

"You here, Lallie? I thought you had gone long ago."

"No, I'm still here," very meekly.

"Do you—can I get anything for you?"

"No, I—I—Jim—oh, Jim, don't leave me; I'm sorry for what I said—please—oh, don't you understand!"

Jim started forward, and, taking her abruptly in his arms, turned her face up to him, saying:

"Understand what, little girl?"

"That I—I can't live without you, Jim, and I think you're the finest and the bravest——."

No more was heard as Jim's lips met hers in a long kiss.

He was the first to break the silence.

"And, Lallie, when can you marry me? My orders are for to-day fortnight."

"To-morrow, Jim, if you like."

"My brave darling."

BERYL MACDONALD HASTINGS

"The Man of the Hour"

Everyone is talking about Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the famous Editor of "John Bull," and South Hackney's late idolised Member. He has been doing wonderful recruiting work in London and the provinces, and rumour is rife as to his early return to Parliament

a pleasant little party foregathered

As It Shall Be: BY B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

IT was a bright Sunday morning in winter at Richmond. All over the streets were ex-emperors and ex-kings and ex-princes, all wearing good overcoats, "marked down, but very gentlemanly." The best of good feelings was abroad, the fox-terriers and dachshunds of the exiled monarchs fraternising in the pleasantest way. Ex-King Manoel was over from Twickenham, and the omnibuses from the West End had brought down many other pleasure-seeking refugees.

Hardly had one o'clock chimed when round a certain table in the most popular hotel in Richmond a pleasant little party foregathered. There was Mr. Hapsburg, from "Clovelly," in the Upper Richmond Road; Mr. Hohenzollern, from "Colwyn," on the south side of Barnes Common; his son, Mr. Hohenzollern, jun., from "Pittsburg," in Park Avenue; and Mr. Mohammed Rechad, a swarthy skinned gentleman reputed to have rooms over the Russian vapour baths half way up the hill.

Mr. Hapsburg called for drinks. Though still ninety-nine years of age, he had shaved himself that morning, and looked it. Mr. Hohenzollern, senior, indeed, did not hesitate to chaff his old friend about his many bandages. "Try and say Przemysl without losing your lip" was one of his many witticisms. The pristine German Emperor was little changed. Apart from a battered left eye, the total disappearance of his hair, and the fact that his moustache dropped like a tusk instead of soaring like an antler, he was his old radiant self. His son was in merry mood. His American admirer (Karl Hermann von Wiegand) had sent him a box of cigars ("an annual souvenir of our momentous interview"), and he was just getting the full flavour of the gold and scarlet band. On his head was a two-dollar "pork pie," and his clothes were of the kind likely to pass unnoticed on Easter Monday at Atlantic City. Mohammed looked exactly as a man must expect to look if he exchanges a fez for a bowler.

Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, sen., ordered beer. Mohammed wanted something else, but the others thought he had better have beer. Hohenzollern, jun., had a cocktail.

"If you ask me," said the youngest of the party, expectorating into the farthest cuspidor, "this life is just top-hole. I don't care a darn for anybody that 'ud grouse at Richmond."

"The rates are up again, I see," said Hapsburg gloomily.

"That won't hurt you," said the other ex-emperor, undipping his moustache from the beer. "Think of the taxes they're paying in the Fatherland."

"Still," said the younger Hohenzollern, "we're always pulling out the wad and we don't get much for it. How about that accident with the municipal fire-engine? Did you spot that in the paper?"

"What was it?" asked Hapsburg solidly.

"Little girl knocked over. Got her hand crushed," said the ex-Prince, shuddering.

"I saw it," said his father. "Fairly gave me the creeps."

"And as for the roof of the town hall," said young Hohenzollern, "well, you have seen it for yourself. There's shocking corruption in this borough."

"Nice bit of architecture, too," commented his

pavements that are a disgrace

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AS IT SHALL BE (concluded from page 194)

father. "Frightful shame to let it go to rack and ruin. With a few pounds' worth of plaster and a little molten lead——"

"The town hall doesn't affect us," interrupted Hapsburg. "It's the paving I take objection to. I'm an old man. I was never older than I am to-day, and I've got to walk over pavements that are a disgrace. They don't know how to put two stones together in this country."

"Paving stones are a mistake," said the elder Hohenzollern. "Asphalte is the thing, asphalte and concrete. I was all for them in the old days, and I'm still all for them. What do you say, Willie?"

"Huh!" said the rakish young man, shrugging his shoulders. "Bygones had better be bygones. Have another glass of beer."

The Turk shuddered and cleared his throat.

"In my opinion, Mr. H., Mr. H., junior, and Mr.—er—H., the most serious error of the present borough council," he said deferentially, "is the taking over of those two County Council steamers. What do our Councillors know about the ship business? There's been a steady loss on those two boats now for two seasons."

"Yes," said young Hohenzollern. "It's not everybody who can shine in the navy game. Do you remember—ah, well! Drink up you fellows."

The face of the Turk rose from the stein as if it had seen hell at the bottom.

"Had any bazaars to open lately, Willie?" presently inquired Hapsburg.

"One—only one. They don't seem to want me now that I charge up my expenses."

"There's 'nothing doing' with you, dad," said his son irreverently. "You ought to take one of those American music-hall offers."

"Yes," sneered the elder Hohenzollern, "lecture on 'How I Lost,' with moving pictures behind me. No thanks."

"You're the limit. Why, you could get a thousand dollars a week and a fifty-two weeks circuit certain, especially if you didn't object to doing split weeks. Even Harry Lauder has to do them."

"Go yourself."

The younger man wriggled uneasily.

"I did have an offer," he admitted. "But I had to take out an insurance policy for the shops I showed in, and I couldn't stand that, could I?"

"Nobody seems to want me," said Hapsburg, ruefully, as they all rose. "I don't get any offers, insulting or otherwise. Meals and a newspaper and a picture-palace—that's my wind-up."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the former Crown Prince of Germany, as they came once more into the sunshine, "I haven't seen the paper to-day. What won—Spurs or Chelsea?"

Hohenzollern, senior, offered the Turk a Virginian cigarette.

"Talking of insurance policies," he said to Mr. Rechad, "I've got to take one out against fire, and there's a clause in it excepting an 'act of God.' What's that, Mohammed, old friend? Ever heard of it?" B. M. H.

To an Insufferable Bore

Jones! no longer shall you bore me with the details
Of your relatives' achievements at the front.
Up till now you've had the luck of telling *me* tales
Of how your blessed uncle bore the brunt
Of that furious attack upon our trenches
At that place the name of which you didn't know,
And how he earned Smith-Dorrien's or French's
Best thanks and (nearly) got the D.S.O.
No longer shall you tell me how your cousin
Brought single-handed through a hail of shell
Four wounded men—or was it half a dozen?—
And then returned and saved the guns as well!
How tired I got of hearing how your brother
Deserved to get the V.C. for his pluck,
But how by some stupidity or other
He wasn't recommended (rotten luck!).
How often have I heard that splendid story
In which your sister's husband played a part
So modest that another got the glory,
Which very nearly broke your sister's heart.
Your son has only just got his commission
(I never really liked the little scamp),
You never tire of blaming the condition
Which you describe as "awful" of the camp
In which the pampered darling does his training,
And seems to have a lot of time to spare
For writing letters to his dad complaining
Of everything and everybody there.
You even—God forgive you—used to bore me
With *your* uneventful duties as a constable,
Till I felt I'd like to see you drown before me
In that reservoir you're guarding out at Dunstable.

* * *

Your time has come, however—I've a nephew
Who's fighting somewhere round about the Yser.
It is useless to pretend that you are deaf; you
Have simply GOT to listen now to *me*, Sir!

W. H. B.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What do they say?"
BLUEJACKET: "'In Splendid Condition—Still Going Strong.' Any reply?"
JOHNNIE WALKER: "Just say, 'Same with me!'"

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Music in War-Time

PEOPLE who judge things by the newspapers will certainly think that there has been very little music to be heard in London lately. But what man of sense does judge of anything by the newspapers nowadays? That is, perhaps, one of the many "blessings of the war" so often proclaimed by those who are sure they will never have to go within fifty miles of the firing line. In any case, the little, shy musical paragraphs, tucked away in the most remote corners of the paper, do, as a matter of fact, represent something more than a "certain liveliness" in musical circles.

Indeed, Mr. Beecham, at any rate, has been even more active than usual. Not content with lecturing on music in general and the shortcomings of English—as well as all other—musical institutions in particular, he led a regular musical reconnaissance in force during a week-end or so ago. At the Philharmonic, a Sunday concert, and the Music-Club he devoted himself to the congenial task of advertising principally the merits of Mr. Delius. Delius is, of course, Mr. Beecham's pet Dreadnought, with which he has long tried to make a final breach in the English public's indifference to its own music. At last he seems to be succeeding—which is a matter of congratulation for everybody—because the Delius works undoubtedly met with greater favour than ever before.

Years ago the musical Bystander prophesied that one day Delius would come into his own, and the day now seems within measurable distance. A fortnight ago all musical London was discussing his music either by way of praise or blame. And that is, of course, the first milestone, if not the second and the third, on the road to success. There have been other musical events of importance, needless to say, due to the enterprise of the London Symphony and Queen's Hall orchestras, but undoubtedly Messrs. Beecham and Delius have enjoyed most of the limelight during the short Christmas season. Incidentally, the prevailing patriotism has sufficed to restore some at least of the popularity of the once so popular Sir Edward Elgar.

While the very decidedly musical have begun to discover that Delius is at least as interesting as Strauss, the rather decidedly unmusical have been upholding "Tipperary" against Sir Charles Stanford. It all arose from the question of military bands, which everybody, musical and unmusical, is agreed we should have. The next question, however, was what should the bands play. Sir Charles and those with him declared for folk-songs, the *London Mail*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and many other important mouthpieces of public opinion, including, by implication at least, Mr. Rudyard Kipling (who said he was no musician in a sham-humble way, as if that was something to be proud of) went nap on "Tipperary," rather giving us to understand that as the British Tommy likes it, it must be the best of all possible tunes.

Now, never having been asked my opinion, I am at liberty to say what I really think. Speaking, I am sure, for quite a number of other people, including many men in the Army (in France) who have long ceased to sing the song, I protest that we are absolutely sick to death of "Tipperary," anyhow, and that a great deal too much fuss has been made about it. An admirable, jolly tune, infinitely better than Sullivan's "Absent-Minded Beggar" of the Boer War, it has served its purpose well—and let it rest at that. Still, the fact remains that it has become a kind of national folk-song about the war, and, for the life of me, I cannot see why one should try to galvanise superannuated, if more creditable, folk-songs into life in order to supplant it. There is just as much nonsense talked about folk-songs as about "Tipperary," but at least "Tipperary" is a characteristic product of our own cosmopolitan, musichallised times.

Still, it is a pity in the abstract that our Army has to rely on Broadway for musical encouragement. What would happen if we went to war with America? But you have got to remedy this defect in times of peace; you cannot expect the troops suddenly to accept as "popular" tunes the airs that did service at Waterloo, or the respectable musical reach-me-downs sold by highly orthodox composers. Let musicians begin *after* the war and write some marches for our military bands. If they are good and rhythmical they will eventually provide better "Tipperaries" for the future.

F. T.

RED, BUT NOT, APPARENTLY, CROSS

A group of German Red Cross nurses, who are working at a Brussels hospital, pose (with smiles) for the camera

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ALMOST every woman uses some preparation or other for the skin of her face. The trouble is that many of them are not half careful enough what they *do* use. For instance, some face creams contain constituents which encourage the growth of superfluous hair. Others, while harmless, are of practically little use. Pomeroy Skin Food is different from all other Face Preparations. It is a real beautifier, the discovery of the leading Complexion Specialists—Mrs. Pomeroy Ltd. It feeds the skin, cleanses the pores, builds up wasted tissue, smoothes away wrinkles, and greatly increases the charm of the face. Pomeroy Skin Food is absolutely scientific in composition, containing only ingredients that have been proved to be positively beneficial to the skin. And at eighteenpence a jar it cannot be considered expensive. Chemists and Stores can supply.

Through Enemy Eyes

TWO NEW TRANSLATIONS MADE INTERESTING BY THE WAR

"The Lonely Nietzsche"

"It is not a lofty culture that has gained the upper hand in Germany." These very true words come from the lips not of a Briton or Frenchman, but of the very man on whose shoulders many people have chosen to place a large measure of responsibility for the present war. Nietzsche's name in this country is now almost invariably bracketted with those of Bernhardi and Treitzschke, but, as a matter of fact, Nietzsche did not care two straws for "The Fatherland." He was constantly talking of "ignoble Germany," and called himself a "good European."

The Lonely Life

The tragic story of his life does not make very pleasant reading. His few friends gradually deserted him. There were petty misunderstandings and nasty little cliques. The poor man ultimately went mad. (His enemies still maintain that he was always mad.) For some years his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, has been endeavouring to give the world a coherent account of him. *The Young Nietzsche*, part of a larger work from her pen appeared a year or two ago in this country, and is now followed by a sequel, *The Lonely Nietzsche* (Heinemann: 15*s*. net). The book makes rather curious reading. It is distressing to find how much room is occupied by Frau Förster-Nietzsche's views of the various quarrels that were waged round this singularly inoffensive man's head. In some of the chapters she shows a disposition to "get her own back" at all costs. This, of course, is quite natural, but questions of taste intrude, and are not easily answered.

Not a Pan-German

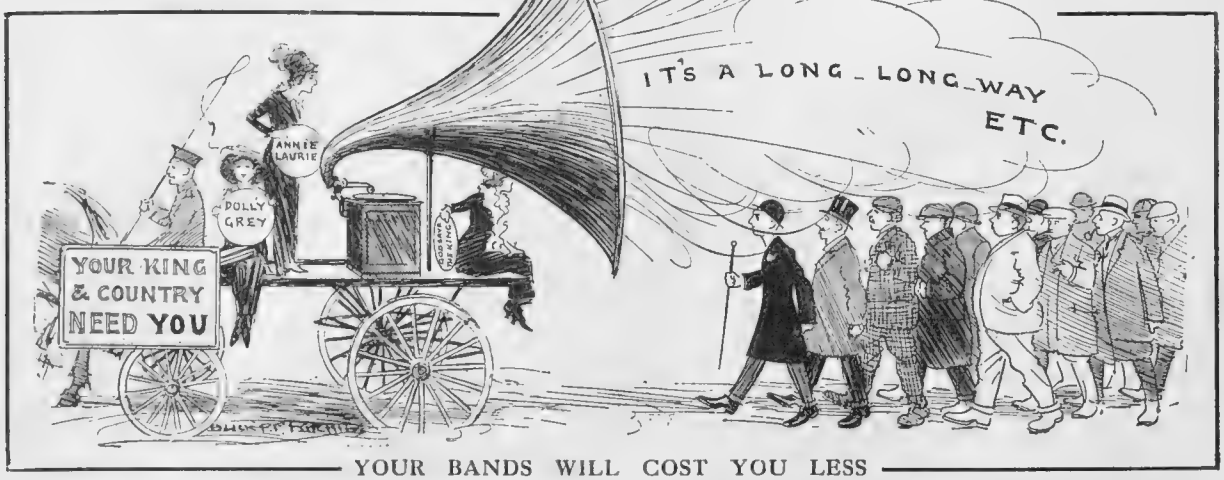
Many of Nietzsche's own letters now appear for the first time in English, and not a few sentences in them have a present-day interest. Frau Förster-Nietzsche married a Pan-German, who endeavoured to start a "colony" in Paraquay. Nietzsche, like most Englishmen, had but a poor opinion of the German colonist. "Look at the carnivorous English," he wrote; "that's the race which has so far been best at colonising. Phlegm and roast beef form the recipe for such enterprises." Nor was the German way of doing things at home more to his liking. "What is now urgently needed in Germany is independent educational establishments which actively oppose the State system of slave-drilling." It is true that in his most poetical effusion Nietzsche wrote: "The good war halloweth every cause." One wonders what this lover of the truth would have said of "ignoble Germany" to-day.

"Through German Eyes"

"Through German Eyes" is now a daily headline in the newspapers. It certainly is of interest to read what the enemy is saying of us: his mistakes are so ludicrous, his naïveté so unbelievable. Before the war the Germans were fond enough of saying nasty things (we were not, of course, listening in those days), but there was generally some truth in their remarks. The broad differences between the British and the German outlook emerges very distinctly in a German novel recently translated. *His English Wife* (Arnold: 6*s*.) has a peculiar interest for us to-day, but apart from that possesses no small literary merits of its own.

The "English Miss"

The hero is a poor German lieutenant temporarily seduced to English ideas of freedom and comfort by a rich English wife. Admirably patriotic—from the German point of view—it may be, but it will irritate, and consequently be good for, the English readers. The reason for this is that the author, Rudolph Stratz, has failed to understand the Englishwoman of to-day. The lieutenant ultimately returns to his regiment, and his wife, bereft of her money, of course becomes a good German. But Edith is not a typical Englishwoman. Herr Stratz, however, was not writing for his enemies when he wrote this book. I can warmly recommend it, maddening though some of its inaccuracies may be. R. S.



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DEARER CHEESE.

LARGE SUPPLIES FOR TROOPS.

REMARKABLE FOOD VALUE.

In an important article which appeared recently dealing with the increased price of cheese owing to a shortage and greater demand, the *Daily Telegraph* says:—"To the many commodities for which the housekeeper is called upon to pay more must now be added cheese. In the wholesale trade the fact has been recognised for some weeks past, and the large dealers have been warning their customers that prices are rising, while the supplies of some of the favourite brands of Colonial cheese in this country are nearly at an end."

SOLDIERS' FOOD.

The heavy demand for cheese for the troops has in great measure contributed to this state of affairs. The *Telegraph* points out that "cheese is not only a very popular item of diet with almost all men engaged in any sort of hard work, but it constitutes an addition to the rations easily carried and ready for consumption at any moment, under any circumstances. Its sustaining qualities, too, have had frequent medical recommendation."

FOOD VALUE.

The remarkable nourishing and sustaining qualities of cheese are everywhere acknowledged.

No stronger proof of its value could be established than the fact that our Army—the best fed in the field—is supplied with such enormous quantities.

One pound of cheese contains as much nutriment as three pounds of lean beef, and cheese is far superior in nourishing qualities to fish and eggs, which at one time were thought to head the list.

AN EXCEPTION.

As a result of the increase in the price of other foods, the *Telegraph* goes on to say that "the thrifty caterer for the family has fallen back on cheese to an extent much greater than usual. Bread and cheese has been the supper where in normal times fish or even something in the form of meat, as cold ham or bacon, might have appeared."

Notwithstanding the increased price of other cheese, the thrifty housewife can always purchase St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, *the only kind that has not increased in price.*

Supplies are plentiful and no shortage is anticipated.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is an excellent lunch or supper dish—it is delicious, soft, and of a delicate, creamy consistency, with the flavour of a mild, perfect Cheddar. It contains the same nourishing properties as other cheese, with the addition of qualities peculiar to itself.

Many people find ordinary cheese indigestible. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese can be eaten by all, as by a special process in making it is rendered perfectly digestible. Further, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese contains cultures which destroy harmful germs in the system deposited by other foods.

Therefore, to make it a regular item of one's daily diet is not only to obtain nourishment and sustenance, but to maintain a healthy system

No ordinary cheese can claim to do this. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is sold by Grocers and Dairymen at 6½d. a packet.

The Sales: Why?

FEMININE FOLLIES AND WAR-TIME BARGAINS: BY "EFEMERA"

NOW that the Sales are over and the mind of the shopper has settled down to a well-earned (or should I say well-spent?) peace, we may pause philosophically to consider these semi-annual orgies. Are they devised by an inscrutable Providence to test the firmness of our characters, or are they a diabolical lure to the unwary? In either case it is so difficult a task to resist the temptation of marvellous creations reduced to the limit of absurdity, that one wonders if the woman exists capable of so stern an effort.

Of course, every woman loves a bargain. Why should she not? Few of us rejoice in unlimited allowances, and the strictest economist can but praise her for striving to get as much as she can for her money. But there is no economy in the purchase of something one does not need, however cheap it may be and however ingratiating the salesman. "I want two yards of that brocade you advertise at 7*s.* 6*d.*," says the thrifty customer. "Madam," answers the wily tempter, fixing her with a polite basilisk eye, "there is a length of raised velvet which we have been selling at 39*s.* 6*d.* . . . The only piece we have left. . . . Quite impossible to replace at the price. . . . Six yards. You may have it for five guineas!" The customer hesitates, compares the magnificence of the raised velvet to the modest brocade, wavers, and is lost. "Madam," says the salesman, hastily entering the purchase before she has time to repent, "let me congratulate you on your bargain . . . . there is no other like it in the sale. But here is an odd length of figured tinsel. . . . ."

"Do listen to what it says in this paper—'*Tin* gloves are being served out to the men in Kitchener's Army'"
"But why *tin* gloves?"
"So that the officers can hear them 'stand at ease' in the dark"

Eventually the tinsel is added to the velvet, and the customer departs in a glow of triumph tinged with uneasiness. What on earth is she to do with the things, now she has got them? There will have to be some trimming. . . . A fur and lace sale catches her eye. The very thing! In the course of the next hour she acquires not only fur banding and lace, but a stole and muff at a mere third of their original value. There are French model coats and skirts, too, being sold for a song just round the corner? So it goes on. My lady has presently a complete new outfit more luxurious, perhaps, than any she has yet owned, at a cost so small that not even the most rigidly economical husband could object to it.

Now, this is the wise buyer. The foolish one is in far worse case. The lure of the merely cheap dogs her footsteps. Her house is littered with things bought, not because she needed them or could even use them to advantage, but because they were marked down. The result is that she is badly dressed, for her clothes conform to no one scheme. They have been "picked up" here, there, and everywhere, and they look it to the end of the chapter.

The only woman who truly profits by the Sales is she who knows exactly what she wants and gets it. For her the bargain season is a field of golden opportunity.

But why should Sales be? Why are things normally dear, occasionally so cheap? It would seem to the casual observer that at ordinary times we must pay far more than our purchases are worth, or, during the Sales, too little to afford a legitimate profit. It is hard to believe that the shops will consistently, twice a year, dispose of their stocks at a loss. If ordinary profits may be gauged by the reductions during Sales, then women are fools to buy at any other time. The moral of that, as the Duchess would say, is that women are not such fools as many think them. Seeing that they refuse to buy at exorbitant prices, the shopkeepers, after a profound study of feminine psychology, have evolved the scheme of Sales, extraordinary reductions, remnant days—the whole paraphernalia of suggestion—to induce them to spend. It is a comfortable scheme, for it saves the face of seller and buyer alike, relieving the former of the imputation of inflated normal prices and the latter of the charge of extravagance. For who would be accused of extravagance for buying a thing at a third or half its usual value?

However it may be, let those who have this year fallen victims to the lure of the Sales take heart of grace. Never have there been such bargains, and it will be long before the discriminating shopper may again enjoy such an opportunity. EFEMERA

Skin-Health and Skin-Comfort.

When you have your daily bath use PALMOLIVE Soap. It will keep your skin healthy and give you such a feeling of absolute comfort and skin-ease that will ensure for it a permanent place in the bathroom.

This exquisite soap is made from the Oils extracted from the Palm and the Olive. These oils are saponified by a special process, double-milled so as to eliminate all impurities and free alkali—result—a toilet soap so pure that doctors and nurses recommend it for the baths of newly born babes, as well as for children and adults.

PALMOLIVE

is unexcelled for keeping the complexion beautiful and young-looking. It not only cleanses, but it also supplies the pores of the skin with what other soaps extract—natural oils—and so prevents skin dryness and the many things that result from it such as wrinkles, sallowness, etc., and an appearance of age.

The fragrance of PALMOLIVE is delightful, and its pale green colour is not artificial, but is acquired by the blending of the two natural oils of which it is composed.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemists' for **6d.**, or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

THE B.J.JOHNSON SOAP CO.
124, Holborn, London, E.C.

Man, it's Nestlé's!

'THE RICHEST IN CREAM'

"THE TIMES," 19th JAN., 1915:

CHIEF NEEDS OF BRITISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

The Military Forwarding Officer at the Overseas Base writes from France:—"The troops generally are wanting more pipes, tobacco, and **condensed milk.** They are getting a lot of cigarettes and warm clothing, but these other things I mention are not coming out in any quantities, and if anything could be done in this direction **it would be very much appreciated at the Front."**

So if you want to save our Soldiers

from 'Milkless Tea' send them some tins of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Or by ordering through your grocer you can send an original strong case, carriage free, to any unit in the British Expeditionary Force on payment only of cost of 48 large tins or 96 half-tins, as you may prefer. If any difficulty, please address: NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

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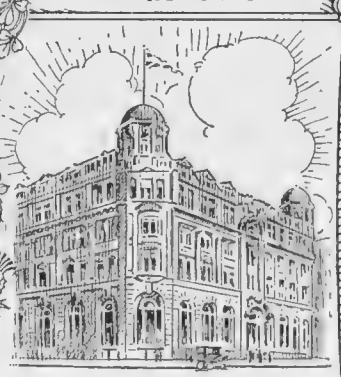

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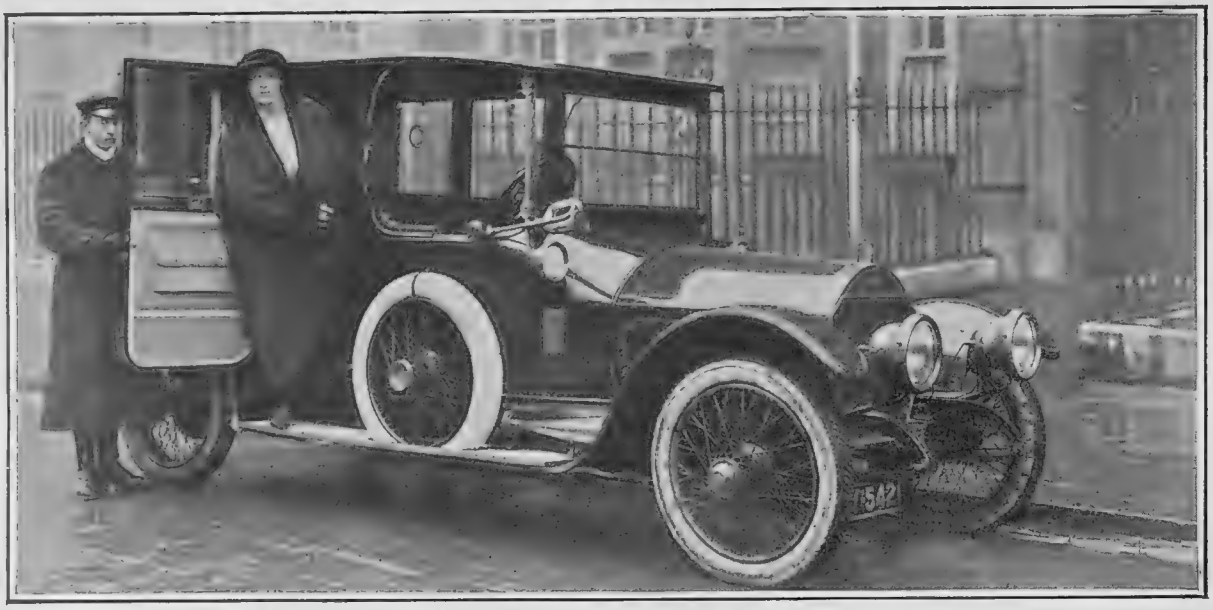

THE ARTISTE AND HER AUTOMOBILE

Miss Wish Wynne alighting from her 16-22 h.p. Napier landaulette

Motoring and a Monopoly

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Dominion of Bosch

AT the commencement of the war we came with a most resounding thud up against the virtual German magneto monopoly in this country. A magneto is a pretty indispensable adjunct to the motor-car—to the European motor car, anyway. Bosch had captured well over 90 per cent. of the European market, and had a universal organisation which had taken in a very considerable chunk of American territory. Bosch undoubtedly won because he deserved to win on the merits of his product, the efficiency of his organisation, and, in no small measure, because of British apathy.

***

Delivering Ourselves Bound

With supplies cut off suddenly, the British car-makers were forced to bestir themselves. Famous British electrical firms stepped in and put down plant. The C.A.V. house sunk many thousands of pounds, and were entirely satisfied that they could produce a British magneto fully as efficient as the Bosch, and at a price competitive with the American instrument, which, naturally, had immediately made a bid for the market. Then came a shortage of labour and a rise in the price of it. Cost of materials increased. Taxes added their extra burden. Altogether, it meant a rise of 50 per cent. in cost of production. Under present conditions it is almost, if not quite impossible, for the British magneto to compete with the American instrument. We are handicapping our own industry out of existence while protecting and facilitating the American product. Perhaps it cannot be helped; but it should not be beyond the wit of a Government which has proved itself possessed of so much excellent wit since the war started, to devise a means whereby matters could be levelled up, particularly when the commodity for which protection is required is so entirely indispensable to the efficiency of our fighting forces by land, sea, and sky.

***

A Matter of Fact

There is danger in the colloquialism. When, judging from the falling-off in the electrical vehicles on exhibition at the New York Show and from other indications which are beside the point at the moment, I submitted that the Edison battery had still to arrive, I was obviously using the expression in its colloquial sense. That the Edison battery had, in fact, arrived in the motor markets of America and England was a matter of commonest knowledge. These columns were among the first to announce its arrival in the United Kingdom and the demonstration trip from Dumfries to London, a very ambitious essay for any electrical vehicle, was also dealt with. Since then, something like one hundred Edison electric vehicles (mainly commercial) have taken the road in this country with, the company inform me, invariable success. Therefore, the Edison battery has certainly arrived in that sense; but as certainly it has still to arrive in the sense that, neither in this nor in any other country, has it seriously challenged the supremacy of the petrol engine as the power plant of the motor-car.

C.A.V. Lamp Bulbs for Car Lighting. Best light at lowest cost, and no trouble. Strong, efficient, reliable. Best for all Car Lighting purposes. Write for Catalogue. — C. A. Vandervell & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

To Ford Owners. — The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration. — H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

"IN THE SERVICE OF THOSE WHO SUFFER"

Her Grace the Duchess of Westminster, with her converted Rolls-Royce car, now ambulance, her favourite dog, and a group of military nurses, outside her hospital at Le Touquet

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 584.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, February 10, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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A GREAT QUANTITY OF BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK.

Fine old dining hall with large open fireplace, beautiful music room (33ft. by 15ft.) with open oak raftered ceiling, 2 other reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and good offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 3, coach-house, and several very useful outbuildings; old oast house suitable for studio; pretty grounds, including lawn, bowling green, flower and kitchen gardens, orchards, and 2 meadows, in all about 11 ACRES.

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TO BE SOLD, with 144 acres, this fine old ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, built of stone, with stone-tiled roof and mullioned windows. Accommodation: Lounge hall, oak-panelled drawing room, dining room, breakfast room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom and large attic, store rooms; Company's water; excellent range of farm buildings; the land includes some rich well-matured pasture and about 19 acres of fertile arable land; hunting with 2 packs.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,741)

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Rough shooting over 250 acres. 1½ miles of coarse fishing.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, this picturesque gabled RESIDENCE, dating from 1657, standing in old-world pleasure grounds. It is approached by a drive with 2 lodges, and contains large hall, 3 reception rooms, gun room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and 4 spacious attics; lighting by petrol gas; stabling and garage; tennis and croquet lawns, etc.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,001)

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£1,900 IS REQUIRED for a pretty old gabled COTTAGE RESIDENCE (part 350 years old), situated in a bracing position on the Downs and commanding lovely views: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; stabling for 4; small farmery; pretty well-timbered grounds, bounded by a river, and including large lawns, herbaceous borders, fruit and kitchen garden, in all about 1¾ acres; near golf; good hunting.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,974)

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WILTON STREET, GROSVENOR PLACE.—A charming little HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished, at the low rental quoted above. It faces South and comprises: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms and excellent offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

PHENOMENAL OPPORTUNITY.

ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSES IN TOWN,

in a highly accessible and much sought-after position, adjoining and overlooking acres and acres of park-like grounds,

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

It is a delightful square-built detached House, standing well back from the road, and surrounded by a

PERFECT GARDEN OF ITS OWN OF 2 ACRES.

The house is newly decorated and most wonderfully appointed, many thousands of pounds having been recently spent upon it. *Expensive panelling, and fireplaces, parquet floors, silk covered walls, oak beamed ceilings, hot water radiators, well fitted bathrooms,* are some of the many attractions of the place. The accommodation comprises: 10 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and

FOUR MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION ROOMS,

including a SUPERB MUSIC ROOM measuring 40ft. square, all on the ground floor. There are capital domestic offices, and detached stabling and garage, with rooms over.

LOW TERMS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Rent £230. Moderate Premium.

DELIGHTFUL POSITION OVERLOOKING PARK.

PARK LANE (adjoining).—Unique opportunity occurs to secure the 12 years' Lease of extravagantly appointed BIJOU HOUSE at bargain terms: 5 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 charming reception rooms, and offices. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

Rent £350. Lease 14 years.

CHARMINGLY ARRANGED AND IN SPLENDID ORDER.

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—A newly appointed RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, facing West close to the Park, and containing: 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom, square lounge hall, and 4 exceptionally fine reception rooms; remarkably good domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

Orders to view and further particulars of the above and other suitable Residences will be forwarded on application to WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Offices: 14, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

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HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

SURREY (Walton Heath District, near LOVELY DOWNS and GOLF LINKS, 500ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above lovely OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in beautiful well-timbered grounds of 16 ACRES. Three reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling; 3 cottages.—Full details from the owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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OVERLOOKING HEATH AND LINKS.

KINGSWOOD, NEAR REIGATE, in a lovely position.
COMMANDING GLORIOUS VIEWS FOR MILES.
"MEADOW COTTAGE," KINGSWOOD, a convenient well-built Cottage RESIDENCE, with 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.
PRETTY GARDENS OF 1½ ACRES.
Could be had with less land if desired.—For SALE by AUCTION by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, on MARCH 16.

BERKS.

In the lovely district of Ascot and Sunningdale, within easy reach of Station, and quite
CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, the most attractive PROPERTY in this most sought-after district. Well back from road, and surrounded by
REALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, WELL-TIMBERED AND SHELTERED, ABOUT 7½ ACRES.

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PRICE REDUCED TO 4,000 GUINEAS.

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ONLY A SHORT RUN FROM KILLARNEY

CO. KERRY, IRELAND.—Attractive and well-placed COTTAGE, standing in secluded grounds, and containing: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 3 reception rooms, usual offices and modern conveniences; stabling and garage; pretty grounds, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. Would be SOLD or LET on exceptionally low terms.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 9,338)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada under 1½lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 9th day of February, 1915, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 17th day of February, 1915.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

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And .. .. 14s. 1d. .. .. 26 .. .. ..

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

Furniture of High Quality at Low Quotations.

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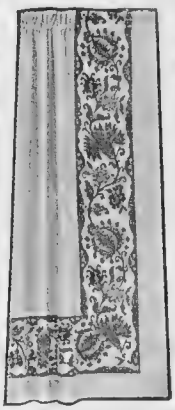

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3½yds. long 27/11 per pair
Telephone : 1829, 1830, 2128 Battersea.
Patterns Post Free.

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Artistic & Inexpensive Curtains & Loose Covers.

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"Sunproof"
UNFADABLE FABRICS
Resist Tropical Sun, Sea Air and Washing.
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Every Length Guaranteed.

Cretonnes Casements
Williamson & Cole, Ltd., are showing in their 1915 Range, Exquisite Cretonnes of Entirely British Manufacture.
CRETONNES from 5¾d. yd.
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PLAIN AND PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS in the Newest Designs and Colourings from 5½d. yd.

Write for "The Home Beautiful" The Book on Furnishing Gratis & Post Free

Carpets Unique in Colour and Design

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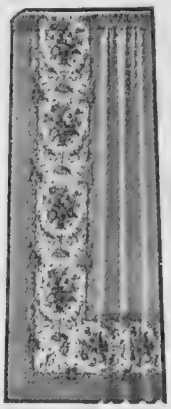

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HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

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KELZEEZI

THE first steps should be taken in shoes that give ease and protection to the little foot so that its natural beauty may be preserved—"KELZEEZI" shoes are the means to this ideal, being perfectly constructed, anatomically correct, and made from the finest materials.

No. 650

No. 650 represents the ankle strap slipper. It is handsewn throughout, white lined, and stocked in Black, White, Tan, Red and Blue.

Sizes: 2½—3½ 4—5 5½—6½ 7—8½
Prices: 3/9 4/- 4/6 5/3

Illustrated Booklet post free, or approvals sent on receipt of deposit.

Henry Kelsey

(The Children's Shoe-man),
94, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

A GRACEFUL FIGURE AND A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment during the War.

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria,

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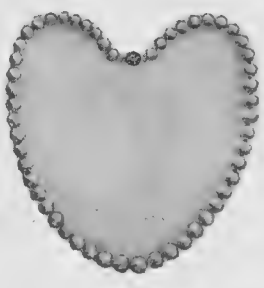
BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871

Service Boots, Long and Short in the Norwegian Style.

52, South Molton Street, London, W.
And 26, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

Sessel Pearls



are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental Pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours, and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

Brochure No 4, on request, post free.
Special attention paid to Post Orders.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls, with Plain Gold Clasp, in handsome fitted case .. .. **£4 4s.**
Real Diamond Clasp, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre .. from **£2 2s.**
Sessel Pearl Rings, Studs, Earrings, Scarf Pins in Gold Mountings .. .. from **£1 10s.**

Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL, 14, New Bond St., London, W.
(directly opposite Asprey's).

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR.

The Cavendish

RADIUM HAIR RESTORER

(NOT A DYE.) THE FINEST HAIR RESTORER IN THE WORLD.

A Genuine Radium Restorer that will bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age; will also keep the scalp quite free from scurf, and, like all my Radium preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed. - - - - - - - - PRICE **7/9**

RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER. Unparalleled for producing abundant, glossy hair - - - - - - - - PRICE **5/6**

HELEN CAVENDISH, 120, New Bond Street. MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ARMY AND NAVY STORES, HARRODS, Etc.

"For the Comfort of Our Soldiers"

Waterproof Oilskin Shell Waistcoat.

With sleeves for wearing under a tunic. Specially designed to prevent any damp penetrating to undergarments. Extremely light in weight, folds into small compass, and can be carried in the pocket.

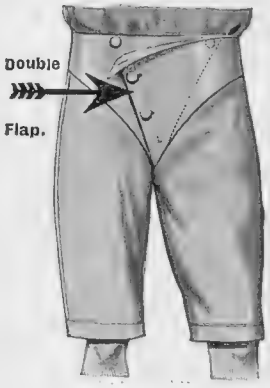
Price 27/6

The Khaki Riding Shirt for Mounted Officers.

Price 14/6

Specially designed (*as illustrated*) for long days in the saddle. By means of a tail piece attached to the back of the shirt which is passed between the legs and fastened in front, it is impossible for the skirts of the shirt to get out of place, or for the shirt itself to ruck up. Absolute comfort and additional warmth is thus assured.

Chamois Leather Drawers.



Ensures perfect comfort, with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind, and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 25/-

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SPORTING HOSIERS,

71-72, JERMYN ST. (5 Doors from St. James's St.) LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

From "THE TIMES," Jan. 28.

"Dearest Beth.—1,000 thanks, beloved! O|W Leather Cuirass received. Post one to 'Uno.' All pals are envious. Am warm at last! Tommie.....France."

"THE O.W. LEATHER CUIRASS"

Weighs only a few ounces and permits (when desired) a free circulation of air. It is practically Waterproof and ABSOLUTELY wind-proof. Both sides may be completely closed to entirely envelop and fully protect ALL the vital organs, and then it neither impedes movement nor causes discomfort. The size can be adjusted to ANY figure from 34 in., to 43 in., waist, and allows any thickness sweater to be worn underneath **Price 12/6**

In 3-fold (leather, rubber tissue, lined felt), absolutely waterproof, but ventilated. For Cavalry, Naval Officers and Airmen ... ... **Price 17/-**

Extra Special quality, lined, with V front for Officers' wear ... ... **Price 21/-**

MOTOR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

HARRODS, LTD., London, S.W.

R. BURBIDGE, Managing Director.

By Royal Appointment.

"DUVET" CHAIRS

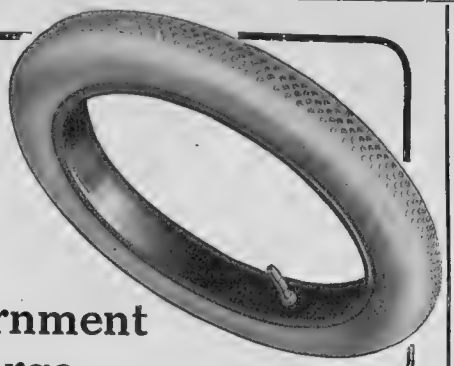
ENGLISH MADE PARQUET FLOORS (HOWARD'S PATENT).

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS.

HOWARD & SONS, LTD.

Manufacturers,

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.



A Government Embargo.

"The Treasury authorities have given notice that no new public issues of capital in the United Kingdom may be made without their approval since it is felt by the Government that all other considerations must be subordinated to the necessity of husbanding the financial resources of the country during the war, with a view to its prosecution." *The Times, January 19th.*

"Issues or participations in issues for undertakings carried on or to be carried on outside the British Empire shall not be allowed." *Extract from Treasury conditions.*

The importance of keeping money in this country cannot now be exaggerated. The stringent regulations imposed by the Treasury merely emphasize what the Dunlop Rubber Co. has preached since the beginning of the war, namely, that every foreign tyre bought is of direct assistance to the enemy, inasmuch as it is a blow aimed at the industry of this country.

DUNLOP

tyres are entirely British, and provide a livelihood for thousands of British families.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY

Whenever you buy a Tyre with a Tread like this, you are providing yourself with the maximum amount of Motoring safety.

The repetition of its 6 tough rubber fingers in a normal size tyre gives you 228 tenacious grips of the road with every revolution of the wheel.

Send for Catalogue giving full story of

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

THE SAFETY OF THE SYMBOL

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,
117, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

The ALL British ADAIR Ganesh Preparations

92, NEW BOND STREET LONDON, W. 'Phone:— Gerrard 878°

5, RUE CAMRON, PARIS: 557, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Patent Ganesh Chin Strap removes double chins, restores lost contours, and takes away lines running from nose to mouth, 21/6 and 25/6.

Ganesh Eastern Oil is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world Will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and give back life and elasticity to the skin, 5/6, 10/6, 30/6.

Ganesh Diable Skin Tonic closes the pores, strengthens and whitens the skin, and enables it to withstand change of temperature. Also a splendid wash for the eyes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 21/6.

Ganesh Eastern Lily Lotion, made in three colours, is a liquid powder, perfectly safe, and a great skin beautifier, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6.

Ganesh Eastern Cream keeps the skin soft and fine, contains a little of the Oil, and is made up to suit all skins, 3/6, 6/6, 10/6.

ADVICE FREE. ***WRITE FOR BOOK.***

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS" 139-141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER

SOLID SILVER, £2 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S "CAMPAIGN" WRISTLET WATCH, LUMINOUS FIGURES and HANDS.
9ct. GOLD, £5. 18ct. GOLD, £7.
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF LATEST NOVELTIES, POST FREE.

Simple Economy.

It is possible to save the expense of new clothes and yet maintain a good appearance by having your clothes cleaned or dyed in the famous "Achille Serre Way." Thousands of smart Women have proved this for themselves and *you* can prove it—by a simple trial order. A post card will bring you a handsome Illustrated Booklet with full information regarding "The Achille Serre Service—What it is and What it Costs" and a list of Branches which provide free collection and delivery.

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C1

Fashion Notes and Notions

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH fantastically expressed, my first figure this week is essentially a fashion, and a good fashion viewed from the point of view of modernity. Its component parts are soft white satin, white *tulle*, black velvet, and close bead embroidery. This last is in black and applied beneath the white *tulle* in a wholly original manner. The wrinkled *bébé* bodice is of satin, is innocent of sleeves, and has a great black velvet rose for sole ornament. To this a black velvet cloak, weighted with monster tassels, makes a telling background, while the head we may leave as a piece of artistic licence.

A STRIKING FANTASY IN BLACK AND WHITE
Designed by Dorothy Millar

Charming Convalescing Jacket and Boudoir Cap

Influenza, apparently, is rife with us again. Of course, as usual, in a new form. But the after-effects are the same, and the convalescing hours long and wearying. Having visited several poor victims, and observing the general trend of attire, I was much struck by the singular inadequacy of the average bed or boudoir jacket. For cold weather, and taking into consideration the importance of not getting a fresh chill, the silly little short sleeveless affairs mostly adopted gave me to think furiously. Again I found need to criticise the lack of originality. There was such a sameness about both the wraps and the caps, and the upshot of a chat with Mrs. Dorothy Millar resulted in the pictured suggestion in the illustration reproduced on page x.

Either a wool-back satin, or an ordinary soft satin lined wool, fashions the coat, which, I would have you note, is cut considerably longer than is usually the case, a procedure that allows the convalescent one to sit up in bed with impunity, without fear of any insidious draughts creeping in. Also observe closely, the sleeve carried well over the hands, that, with vitality at a low ebb, so often get miserably cold, holding a book, or, when the moment arrives, to take the necessary nourishment. This is quite an admirable innovation, while the trimming employed is swansdown, so soft and cosy next the skin. There is a note of chic, too, in the manœuvring of the sleeves in one with a deep yoke. So much for the coat. Now to turn to the quaint little cap, which is likewise of satin, a triangular piece just draped round the head, and the corner knotted and hanging low at the one side, to which shapeliness is added by a band of the swansdown, above which at the opposite side to the knot, there is introduced a light spray of hand-made satin flowers. Result, a fascinating *ensemble*.

Working-Party Suggestions

To the very dullest intelligences there must be apparent the deep underlying moral of that popular

The reason for the smiling face ——

A FLASK OF
HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK TABLETS

in his haversack enables the Soldier to reinforce his energy and strength on a long march. He smiles most when he feels fit, and these concentrated Food Tablets rapidly feed the system and prevent fatigue. Thousands of men on active service have found them invaluable, so send YOUR friend a liberal supply, and he, too, will smile his satisfaction.

We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If the man is on active service, be particular to give his name, regimental number, regiment, brigade and division.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, **1/-** each.
Larger sizes, **1/6, 2/6** and **11/-**.

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

AS SERVED IN PARIS

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

NOT an essence or anything of that sort, but simply the finest freshly-roasted Coffee expertly made with *rich full cream milk* which brings out to the full the exquisite natural aroma of the Coffee.

Simply add boiling water—and there at once you have ready to drink the most delicious Coffee you have ever tasted, invigorating, nourishing and sustaining. As no milk or sugar is needed it costs far less than ordinary Coffee and it is more easily and quickly prepared.

Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by all Grocers. Order a tin to-day, but be sure it is "MILKMAID BRAND" Café au Lait. Large sample sent free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps for postage

"Milkmaid Brand,"
C.L. Depot,
6-8, Eastcheap,
London, E.C.

A Permanently Good Complexion.

TO keep the skin and complexion always in a perfectly healthy condition use

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

and use it habitually before going out; a little applied to the face and hands is the best possible safeguard against injury to the skin and complexion from extremes of temperature and cold winds. The "LA-ROLA" action on the skin tissues removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and ensures a permanently good complexion.

In bottles, 1/- and 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1s.

song "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers." Never were truer words written and sung than "soldiers sent epistles they would rather sleep in thistles, etc.," since some of the early lot of shirts sent out under the kindliest intentions tallied very nearly to the description given in the ditty. But, happily, we have changed all that, and no one has been more directly instrumental in bringing about an improved condition of things than the presiding head of the gentlemen's shirt department at Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road. The accuracy required is extraordinarily nice to ensure the back yoke pieces fitting the front to which they are allied, as also the sleeve and armhole, while the cuffs and collar each in their way exact similar care.

Well! the way for arriving at this desirable end has been solved by Shoolbreds providing Army Shirts of strong Union flannel, ready cut out. The prices asked are most reasonable, respectively 3*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* And with each shirt sent out there is included a set of buttons, neckbands, and a printed form giving full instructions for finishing. Experience, frequently bought very dearly, is teaching the real saving that ensues by going to Shoolbreds for these ready-cut-out shirts. There is a saving alike of time, trouble and money. And just one other vital point, often overlooked, is the employment given to British labour. For the cutting out of these shirts is entrusted only to skilled hands, who, but for such a piece of enterprise, might be thrown among the sad society of out-of-workers.

A MILITARY WEDDING

On Monday last, the 8th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Roehampton, Major Archibald Campbell Holmes MacLean, the Royal Scots, and of the Royal Flying Corps, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. MacLean, 3, Grosvenor Crescent, Glasgow, was married to Miss Jane Cassels, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Walker, Heatherwood, Putney Heath

Beautiful China and Glass at Sale Prices

According to their usual custom at this time of the year, Messrs. Pearce and Co., 39, Ludgate Hill, have overhauled their entire stock of china and glass, with the result that all the surplus will be offered for sale during the week commencing Monday, February 8, at very greatly reduced prices. Now those already acquainted with previous events of a like description, do not need to be told of the marvellous reductions that prevail, nor yet of the splendid taste displayed in the whole collection of dainty glass and china-ware. But for the sake of the uninitiated, too much emphasis cannot possibly be laid upon the fact that Messrs. Pearce make a great point of supplying artistic china to suit all tastes and purses, the mansion being supplied with an equally liberal assortment of high-grade china and glass, as a small week-end cottage.

Just as an example of the very generous reductions that at present obtain, there is a stone-china dinner-service, of Gadroon shape, with conventional peacock-green border, consisting of fifty-four pieces, reduced from 25*s.* to 17*s.* 9*d.*; the same service with seventy pieces, costing in the first place 39*s.* 6*d.*, now only 28*s.* 6*d.* And of similar value and equal charm is a fine English china tea service of elegant shape, with artistic "Bartolozzi" border in olive-green or pearl-grey, with gold edges and heavily traced handles, reduced from 19*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.* 9*d.*, the set comprising no less than forty pieces, while for an extra 3*s.* 11*d.*, a teapot to match is provided.

Prominent among the bargains in table glass is a set known as the "Bristol," fashioned in charming style, in superior crystal, with daintily etched border. As the "Bristol" is one of Messrs. Pearce's standard makes, the sale prices provide a most fortuitous opportunity for patrons to replenish existing stores, as any of the pieces can be had separately.

A CHARMING CONVALESCING JACKET AND BOUDOIR CAP

Designed by Dorothy Millar

Poultry-Farming for Disabled Soldiers

An important poultry conference was held under the auspices of the Rural Development Company, Ltd., at Fairby Farm, Longfield, Kent, on Saturday for the purpose of hearing an address on the present prospects for the English poultry-farmer from Mr. Will Hooley. Particular reference was made to the fact that the Continent will cease for many years to be a competitor with the English poultry-farmer, and that serious efforts should be made to establish on a sound basis this industry in England. Mr. C. A. Lambton, Chairman of the Company, announced that a poultry correspondence and practical course was being instituted to train poultry-farmers, and that a unique and comprehensive syllabus had been prepared for this purpose. The idea is to

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

The very first experiment recorded was made over six years ago, when a patch of hair was removed from the leg of a gentleman who was extremely sceptical. The spot has been absolutely bare ever since. The hair never grew again. It is, therefore, fairly safe to assume—after a period of six years — that the removal is permanent. The process is very simple, and may be carried out with such ease and simplicity that it is sure to find favour with ladies who are troubled with disfiguring growths of hair upon the face and arms. Phelactine contains no drugs or chemicals whatever; it may therefore be used upon the most delicate skin, without fear of burns or scars. Phelactine is melted in the flame of a candle until it becomes of a syrup-like consistency, and in this state is applied to the objectionable hair growths. It is removed almost immediately and the hair comes away with it—*by the root.* That is the important point. Each root may be seen with the naked eye, and everybody knows that a hair cannot grow without a root. About 12 grammes should be obtained, from any chemist, and applied as directed.

JUST PUBLISHED. **FITS.**

"EPILEPSY —Its Causes, Symptoms and Treatment."

By J. GILBERT DALE.

Contents: Introduction—The Causes of Epilepsy—The Forms and Effects of Epilepsy—The Treatment.

Price 1/- ***Post Free.***

J. GILBERT DALE, 68 Holland Park, London, W.

Superfluous Hairs.

(ELECTROLYSIS HOME TREATMENT.)

I want to place a copy of my book, ***"The Face Perfect,"*** *in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.*

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122E, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

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Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets.

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods.

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the keynote is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and with your permission I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

Ice for the Face.

One of the best methods for preserving the firm contour of the face and keeping the skin clear and vigorous is to rub the face with a piece of ice for about five minutes every morning. Put a little cold cream on first and then apply the ice. This is done a good deal by American girls, who declare that it retards the advance of age lines more than anything else.

Grey Hair.

I have observed many attempts of many people to conceal grey hair. Some of these experiments were amusing, some disastrous, and some were successful. Personally, I believe I shall let my hair turn when the appointed time comes, but if I were going to try to evade it, I would give a trial to a real old "grandmother" formula that would probably do the work. This formula. I am informed, has been used with degrees of success for many generations, and consists merely of one ounce of concentrate of tammalite mixed with four ounces of bay rum. It is applied to the grey hair a few times with a small sponge, and ladies tell me it appears to darken the hair to a natural shade, not like a dye, but gradually and naturally.

Is Powder Necessary?

A great many women object to using powder, for various reasons. The following formula is a good one: Dissolve an ounce of cleminite in four tablespoonfuls of water, or witch-hazel, and use it as a face lotion, smoothing the skin with the fingers until it is dry. This method is perfectly harmless. I am told that a really beautiful, natural, velvety bloom results and remains for many hours quite unaffected by the most trying conditions out of doors or in the ball room or theatre, and that it gives a much more natural appearance to some skins than does ordinary powder.

Home-Made Hair Tonic.

My acquaintances say that a good stimulant to the natural growth of the hair is boranium. A very simple, effective and safe stimulating lotion is made up by mixing one ounce of boranium with ½ pint of bay rum. This may be applied to the hair roots occasionally with the finger tips with good results.

MISS GLADYS COOPER.
Photo [*Wrather & Buy*

Complexion Renewals.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal, healthy complexion is constantly renewing itself by dropping off tiny flakes of worn-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure, or some of many causes, the complexion becomes dull and ugly. The rational treatment recommended is to help the skin perform its natural functions of "shedding" worn-out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercolised wax, used for a few nights, just as you would use a face cream. It is claimed that it possesses a special affinity for the effete scarf-skin, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.]

The Curling Iron.

Don't use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curls wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant and neither sticky nor greasy.

How To Shampoo.

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use stallax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a stallax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. But I am told if you will apply olive oil freely to your hair and scalp just before shampooing with stallax, the result is most delightful. The hair will be left clean, soft, bright and wavy, the olive oil having properly balanced the action of this wonderful hair cleanser.

Gladys Cooper

NOTE.—This interesting article on beauty culture in general was written by Miss Gladys Cooper, at the request of the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap—the best complexion soap in the world. On sale at all chemists.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC" WAR CARTOONS.

Something Cheery for the Men at the Front.

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH. POSTAGE PAID 1½d. EACH.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, Now on Sale.

Order from any Newsagent.

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PARIS OFFICE: 35, RUE LAFAYETTE.

provide occupation for disabled soldiers, and it was hoped to start two soldier poultry pupils in the coming week.

The R.S.P.C.A. Fund for Sick and Wounded Horses

This fund—the only fund approved by the Army Council—is now organised, as many will already be aware, at the R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London. S.W., under the chairmanship of the Duke of Portland, and is working as auxiliary to the Army Veterinary Corps, under the control of the War Office. Its aim is to augment the supply of medical stores, horse shelters, hospital and stable requisites—such as rugs (old or new), woollen bandages, head collars, halters; and to provide horse-drawn ambulances, motor lorries, and, if possible, motor ambulances. Ambulances are very badly wanted to convey from railway stations horses kicked and lamed *en route*, and horses not injured severely enough to necessitate their being destroyed, but suffering from wounds that prevent their walking from the station to the convalescent farms. A large sum of money is needed if the work undertaken by the Committee is to be carried out successfully. They are, therefore, making an urgent appeal to horse-lovers to aid them in raising £30,000. All contributions should be sent to Mr. E. G. Fairholme, Hon. Secretary of the Fund, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

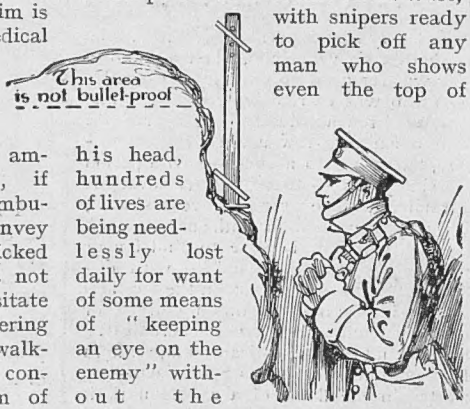
MAJOR-GEN. D. C. F. MACINTYRE, C.B.
Who has taken over the Regimental Command of the Optimists' National Corps

Latest Method of Learning French

A novel attempt to encourage the learning of French by our troops, and of English by the troops of our Western Allies, is being made by the manufacturers of Black Cat Cigarettes, who, with each packet of ten, are presenting a series of miniature English-French dictionaries.

A Practical Trench Periscope

In this "dug-in" war, where lines of troops are face to face in trenches, with snipers ready to pick off any man who shows even the top of his head, hundreds of lives are being needlessly lost daily for want of some means of "keeping an eye on the enemy" without the observer being exposed to direct fire.



THE HAMPSON TRENCH PERISCOPE

This difficulty has, apparently, been solved by the invention of the Hampson Trench Periscope, illustrated on this page, and which is now being placed on the market at *7s. 6d.* by Hampson's Trench Periscope, 45, Maddox Street, W. The invention is extremely light and portable, and measures only three feet in length, and is carried almost as easily as a walking-stick. It is adjusted for use in a minute, and can be used not only for trench work, but in street fighting, as, in the latter case, the user is enabled to see round corners.

The Menu: Some Cheese Dishes

AS there are many inquiries for methods of cooking cheese, the following may be useful:

Rice Croquettes with Cheese
Macaroni with Cheese
Welsh Rarebit
Cheese Pudding
Savoury Rice Pudding
Corn au Gratin

Rice Croquettes with Cheese

Wash ½ lb. of rice and simmer slowly in a quart of milk and water until the rice is nicely swollen and the quart of liquid all absorbed. Then put in a colander before the fire and shake occasionally until the rice is quite dry. Add breadcrumbs and grated cheese (an equal cupful of each), a little salt and cayenne, then roll into round balls, dip each one into egg and melted butter, and fry a delicate brown. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and serve either hot or cold. Put on grill, and cook for twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Macaroni with Cheese

Boil 3 oz. of macaroni about thirty minutes, and after it has been returned to the pan in which it was boiled, stir into it 2 oz. of finely grated cheese and 1 oz. of butter. The cheese should be stirred in half at a time and well shaken among the macaroni. Season with salt and black pepper, and serve at once very hot. Spaghetti can be used instead of macaroni if preferred.

Welsh Rarebit

Slice some cheese rather thinly and put it into a stewpan with some small pieces of butter, and a little milk, or beer, flavour with black pepper and a little mustard, and stir it well together till thoroughly melted. Pour it over hot buttered toast, and put it under the gas deflector for a few minutes, to brown.

Cheese Pudding

Boil up a pint of milk, and pour it on to one tablespoonful of ground rice, which has been mixed with a little cold milk, put back into the pan, and stir until the mixture thickens. Remove the pan from the fire and add 4 oz. of finely grated cheese, a pinch of salt and cayenne, 2 oz. of butter, and the yolks of two eggs. Mix all well together, and then add the beaten whites of the eggs. Butter a pie-dish and pour the mixture into it, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top before serving.

Savoury Rice Pudding

Simmer two tablespoonfuls of rice in one pint of milk until nearly cooked, then add 1 oz. of finely grated cheese, ½ oz. of butter, and a pinch of salt. Mix all together and put into a buttered pie-dish, sprinkle ½ oz. of finely grated cheese on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. This pudding is very nice for children.

Corn au Gratin

Simmer a tin of sweet corn until tender (it takes about ten minutes), and stir it into a white sauce made with 2 oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, and half a pint of milk. Season with white pepper and a little salt, butter a fireproof dish, and sprinkle it with breadcrumbs. Turn the corn and sauce into the dish, cover thickly with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Tomato sauce may be used instead of white sauce if preferred.

EMILIA